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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Prime Minister's statement that it might be necessary to summon the House of Commons specially to consider the proposed Anglo-Italian Agreement gives rise to some very curious speculations. The agreement is dependent on a "settlement in Spain" which, it has always been understood, included at least a "substantial withdrawal" of foreign troops from Spain. The British plan for this withdrawal is now published—a long document with a full programme and time table which, even if it is accepted by both Administrations in Spain, gives no hope of a substantial withdrawal being achieved until long after the summer recess. What then has the Prime Minister in mind? A rapid Franco victory? If so we are sure that he is gravely deceived. Or does he propose to fall in with the Duce's flattering invitations to complete the Anglo-Italian Agreement without waiting for the withdrawal of troops?

China and Japan

The news from the Far East this week is the familiar tale of bombing raids on Chinese cities and of attacks and counter-attacks in the main theatre of war. The Japanese advance up the Yangtse progresses but slowly, and Hankow, its objective, is still a long way off. After a year's fighting Japan has possessed herself of—or at least occupied—several Chinese provinces, ten big towns and ports, 3,500 miles of railway, over a thousand miles of coastline, with the lower reaches of the Yangtse, and the valuable coal mines of North China. This is a big bag; but a great deal of China still belongs to the Chinese, and the Chinese are far more, and not less, united and determined in their resistance than when the aggression began. The Japanese will have a hard task to hold what they have got—let alone to get more. The cost of the war has been, and will be, immense, and Japan's financial position is not improving. China, on the other hand, has the support of Russia, and, as the victim of aggression, should also be able to rely on material help from the Western democracies. But we regret to hear that the proposed British loan to China has now been refused; it would annoy the Japanese and would therefore not suit the feeling of the British Government, especially with Sir John Simon as Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the same time there are still British interests in China, damaged though they be, and the British Government, like the United States Government, may perhaps combine altruism with "sacro egoismo" by supporting the Chinese currency.

The State of Palestine

There is no abatement of the terrorism which is harrying Palestine. Every day brings fresh news of outrages, assassinations and the bombing of buses, in the streets of the towns and in the countryside. It is understandable, but none the less deplorable, that the Jews should have taken a larger and more active part in this mischief, in spite of the earnest appeals of all the responsible Jewish leaders that they should exercise restraint. Large military reinforcements have been drafted in, and Palestine is rapidly becoming an armed camp. No doubt Great Britain, as the Mandatory Power, can and must maintain order. But it is hardly necessary to say that bayonets and warships and aeroplanes will do nothing to solve the fundamental problem of reconciling Arabs and Jews. For that we can only look, as hopefully as possible, to the Woodhead Commission which is taking evidence on the spot and is expected to complete its inquiry and return to England in a few weeks' time. It does not appear that the policy of Partition is any more popular than it was. The Jews are divided on the question. Arab opposition to it, so far as can be judged, is more solid, and is encouraged by the propaganda of Italian and German agents, even though the present outbreak of violence may not be attributable, as Mr. Malcolm MacDonald said in the Commons on Tuesday, to the activities of those persons. But, whatever the demerits of Partition, nobody has yet put forward any more practicable solution.

Evian and the Refugees

The Evian Conference, if it has not been a complete fiasco, has achieved little to boast about. All the States attending it are full of sympathy for the victims of persecution; none of them is able or willing to open its doors to a flood of refugees. Delegate after delegate explained his difficulties and made his excuses. The countries with most room—Australia, Canada, Brazil, for example—want agriculturists only, not urban tradesmen or labourers. Tropical or sub-tropical parts of Africa, on which some eyes have been fixed, are apparently not suitable for any considerable body of immigrants—at least without long and expensive preparations. The U.S.S.R., which has plenty of room, is out of the question—and, of course, is not in the Conference—for political reasons. As for Palestine, whatever may be the possibilities in the future, it is fantastic under present conditions to talk of relaxing restrictions on Jewish entrants. In short, no one is prepared to take on any substantial commitments; even the U.S.A., the prime mover in the affair, offers no more than the maintenance of its "quota." The one definite proposal which will in all probability have been adopted by the time these lines are in print is the establishment of an inter-governmental committee, with its headquarters in London, to supervise and assist the emigration of refugees from Germany and Austria. There are some differences of opinion about the scope and organisation of the committee, but it should not be difficult to reach agreement; and we hope this piece of machinery will be effective within the limits that are set to it. It may help in particular to ease the financial strain by persuading the Nazi robbers to allow their victims to escape with a little more of their capital.

Germany and the Danube

In Bucarest this week discussions of considerable importance have been taking place affecting the future status of the Danube. Since the annexation of Austria, Germany has lost no time in pushing forward her plans for the control of the great waterway which unites her with the Balkan markets and the Black Sea, a control that will have an even greater significance when the Rhine-Danube Canal is completed a few years hence. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Germany should be exerting all the pressure she can to weaken the international regime which still exists on all sections of the river beyond her own frontiers. She has two immediate aims. The first is to force the exclusion of the non-riparian States of Great Britain, France and Italy from the International Danube Commission (recently removed from Vienna to Belgrade), whose jurisdiction extends as far as the Rumanian port of Braila, after which she would rejoin—and dominate—it. Germany's second aim is to establish herself on the more ancient European Danube Commission, consisting of Britain, France, Italy and Rumania, which controls the Delta and the egress to the sea, vitally important in wartime, particularly if Soviet Russia were involved. At the same time she is actively interesting herself in the project of building a canal from the Danube direct to Constanza, which would side-track the Delta altogether. There are signs that the German delegation now in Bucarest has found an unexpected degree of resistance to its plans from the Rumanians, who have suddenly become acutely aware of the advantages which the two international commissions offer them, and that in this resistance they have the backing of more than one of the Great Powers.

The World Slump

There is little encouragement to be derived from the latest review of the world's economic situation prepared by the League secretariat for the Financial Committee. The survey draws attention to the facts that in the United States recession during the past nine months has been more violent even than in the winter of 1929–30; that during the first three months of this year world industrial production lost all the ground it had regained in the two previous years, and by the end of March was 15 per cent. below the 1929 level; and that the quantum of world commerce has shrunk proportionately. The compilers of the report have little confidence in "automatic recovery," and conclude with the warning that "another serious crisis is imminent." This makes gloomy reading, but the pessimism of the survey is mitigated by its emphasis on certain factors which warrant hope that the present depression may be less intractable and less catastrophic in its financial *sequelae* than the crisis of 1929–31. The monetary and banking structure in most countries is sounder, and credit is less exposed to the disturbances involved in the freezing of short-term foreign loans. Stocks of raw materials are less formidable than they were nine years ago. Finally, monetary devaluation has increased the possibilities of ending the slump by inflationary expenditure. These are grains of comfort; but pessimists will not fail to observe, in reply, that the paralysing influence of political tension and uncertainty is much stronger to-day than it was in 1931, when the abortive

World Economic Conference met in an endeavour to put Humpty Dumpty back on the wall.

Agricultural Policy

The Government's defence of their agricultural policy in Parliament this week will hardly impress the Conservative Party in the rural constituencies where the Prime Minister's Kettering speech still rankles—nor indeed anyone who faces the facts. In the Lords on Tuesday Lord Faversham, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, said that the Government had "no intention of embarking on a spectacular policy of artificial expansion of home production." But that does not meet Lord Addison's point that—admitting the impossibility of making Britain self-supporting in foodstuffs—an increase of £100,000,000 in our annual food production would be practicable as well as desirable. On Wednesday Mr. Morrison was under heavy fire in the Commons. Mr. Lloyd George, in one of his most trenchant and wittiest speeches, exposed the feebleness and the muddle of the Government's dealings with a vital national industry, while Mr. Tom Williams and others pleaded the case of the underpaid farm workers and the overcharged consumers. The Minister's reply was that his policy was "an honest attempt to solve one by one the tremendous problems of agriculture." But honest attempts are not of much use if they are misguided and unsuccessful. Mr. Morrison has just announced the Government's solution of the poultry and egg problem. A Poultry Commission is to be set up to control the distribution of breeding fowls, chicks and hatching eggs, to operate a stock improvement scheme assisted by diminishing Exchequer grants, and to standardising and grading eggs. This is a good deal less than the producers demand. We hope it may be of some benefit to the consumers.

Marine Slums

The debate in the House of Commons the other day on the mercantile marine was a melancholy affair. Opposition speakers joined with critics on the Government side in deploring the growing weakness of British merchant shipping—under the stress of foreign competition heavily supported by subsidies. It is a serious position not only in view of the possibility of war, but under peace conditions. The mercantile marine is, as Mr. Amery said, a vital factor in our whole economic system. There is another side of the picture, too, on which Mr. Greenwood, Lady Astor and others had many hard words to say, and to which articles in the *Times* called attention two or three months ago. Despite recent improvements, the conditions of the seamen in many of our ships are still bad—often disgracefully bad. Pay is low. Hours of work are long; one Member had a list of ships in which they ranged from 81 to 92 a week. Accommodation is often piggish, and that not merely in what somebody called "coastal hovels," but in palatial liners, where sleeping quarters (as well as feeding arrangements for the unfortunate stewards) are a scandal. The President of the Board of Trade put up the boldest defence he could; but it is not good enough to take credit for the new standards laid down for new ships. Far stricter regulations can be and ought to be made, as Lady Astor urged, for the many "older ships in which the men will have to live for the next fifteen years or so."

British Civil Aviation

The annual report on the progress of civil aviation has been published opportunely this year in a week in which Mr. Hughes and his companions, with their record-breaking transatlantic flight, have given the world a much needed reminder that the aeroplane's destiny is not essentially that of destroying civilisation. So far as British civil aviation is concerned, the greatest scope for development lies in the overseas Empire routes, whose passenger-mile figure rose last year from 15,000,000 to nearly 23,000,000, thanks largely to an expansion in the traffic between England and Egypt. But Britain's internal air services have also attained dimensions greater than the public is apt to realise. In 1937 about 4,500 miles of air-routes were regularly operated in this country, 3,300,000 miles were flown and 161,500 passengers carried—without one serious accident. Nevertheless, the route-mileage operated compares poorly with the 19,000 miles in operation in Holland; and it is evident that if our internal air services are to make satisfactory progress there will have to be a radical saving of time in conveying passengers from the centre of large cities to the aerodrome. To fly in a couple of hours from, say, Glasgow to the Hebrides represents an economy of something like 20 hours in comparison with the journey by train and steamer. But for a journey between London and Glasgow the saving of time by air is vastly less impressive when account is taken of the delays in transit between landing grounds and the cities' centres. That is the crux of the civil aviation problem.

Prices in Cinemas

Have cinematograph exhibitors the right to vary the prices of their seats—or, more precisely, the proportion between cheap and expensive seats in the auditorium—to suit hourly changes in public demand? The London County Council says "No," and the Council is on strong ground in this controversy. As matters stand, a queue may form of patrons desirous of occupying shilling seats, whose numbers in the theatre in question are normally, say, 400. If, however, the picture shown is a "hit" and attracts during the evening more "two-shilling" patrons than can be accommodated in the dearer seats, the numbers of cheaper seats may be progressively diminished, so that the waiting queue is either unable to see the picture or is forced to pay the higher price. A regulation which the L.C.C. proposes is to become operative next January is designed to stop this juggling with seat-prices. It provides that every cinema must post outside the auditorium, before the beginning of each day's first performance, a seating plan showing the numbers of seats available at each price, and that the numbers, once fixed, must not be altered on that particular day. The exhibitors appear to be indignant at the proposed rule; but their one valid claim—that higher prices may legitimately be charged for more costly pictures—is met by allowing the proportion of cheap and expensive seats to be varied from week to week or even, if so desired, from day to day. If they endeavour to obstruct or circumvent the new rule they will have no public sympathy on their side.

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THE CRIME OF SPAIN

THIS is the second anniversary of the Spanish war. The issues have always been plain except to the blind. The first is the continued existence of any form of democracy in Spain and probably in Western Europe. If we look behind the incidentals of violence and intolerance that always arise in any great social upheaval, the origin of the war is plain enough. It is a revolt of the military, the landlord and clerical classes, subsidised and organised by foreign Fascism, in order to prevent the Spanish people achieving those democratic rights for which they have been struggling ever since the light of modern knowledge began to penetrate the medieval ignorance that had for centuries been deliberately fostered by the Spanish ruling class. In many parts of Spain the revolt was quickly suppressed by the populace itself and the Government would have been easily able to restore order, if it had received the supplies of arms which as a legitimate Government it was entitled to buy abroad. The Governments of Britain and France preferred the policy of "non-intervention" rather than to quarrel with Hitler and Mussolini. Non-intervention had no basis in law, and, as practised, it meant that while the Republic received aeroplanes and technical assistance from Russia and spasmodic help from the Popular Front in France, Franco could rely on unlimited men and materials from Germany and Italy. But the Fascist Powers had from the beginning material and practical, as well as ideological, motives.

Hitler himself explained that he was mainly interested in obtaining iron ore in the Basque country; the Nazi general staff also saw in the Spanish war an admirable opportunity for compassing the destruction of the British Empire, and more immediately of France, who, as Hitler has laid down in *Mein Kampf*, must be regarded by Nazi Germany as the eternal enemy to be utterly and forever crushed. Thus, while Italy fortified the Balearics and extended her air and sea power in the Mediterranean, long-range German guns were placed to command the Straits of Gibraltar, a submarine base was prepared in the Canaries, and the first steps were taken towards turning the Pyrenees into a frontier fortified against the French. To-day these ulterior motives are scarcely hidden. The Fascist press openly boasts that Franco and his allies are now in a position to bomb Toulouse and other southern French towns—and France has moved her arsenals to the south, while an Italian newspaper, gloating over the encirclement of France, remarks that "if Communism and Democracy suffer a bloody defeat in the Iberian peninsula, it will contribute to the solution of the Czechoslovakian problem." In other words, France will have to play the Fascist game, which means, incidentally, crushing French democracy, or being crushed as a nation. In any case, according to this calculation, France will be unable to assist her allies in Eastern Europe.

To make the real point of Fascist intervention in Spain more clear, we now have the evidence of a document printed in Tuesday's *News Chronicle*, in which a German general analyses the strategic value of the Fascist occupation of Spain, pointing out that England and France are no longer in control of their vital communications in the Mediterranean, which has "become a no-man's land in which no fleet may operate in security"; that German guns over Gibraltar "ought to render good service when it comes to cutting the Anglo-French vital line," and then goes on to discuss the struggle between Britain and Germany for the control of Portugal. German domination in Portugal would mean that Britain's communications by the Cape route were almost as vulnerable as in the Mediterranean itself. And the German strategist argues with good reason that though the British military mission has now, on the surface, restored the traditional dependence of Portugal on Great Britain, a Franco victory in Spain should make it easy for Portugal to be forced into the Fascist orbit, either by pressure or invasion. This document, whose authenticity is not seriously disputed, reveals the official German staff interpretation of results of a Franco victory in Spain.

Mussolini hit upon an apt phrase in describing England and France as "demoplutocracies." It is the fact that they are plutocracies rather than democracies which explains their conduct in the Spanish war. Timidity, old-age, and a routine mind that is totally unable to appreciate the ruthlessness and audacity of Fascist imperialism, go far to account for a policy which is as contemptible as it is ineffective. The most respectable motive has been the fear of world war. But the more clearly one remembers the stages of the Spanish war, the more obvious it is that to maintain the ordinary practice of international law in Spain has never involved any serious danger of that "general conflagration" which we all dread. This conflict began two years ago and Hitler, whose main ambitions are in the East, and who intends to get his own way without a war which would destroy him as well as other people, was far less ready to run the risk of quarrelling with his British friends two years ago than he is to-day. Even to-day expert opinion agrees that he is not yet ready to risk a world conflict. Moreover, Spain is geographically in the sphere of British and French interests, and Spanish waters are so controlled by the British and French navies that not one of their merchant ships has been attacked on the high seas since the Nyon agreement to sink pirates, which was Mr. Eden's one achievement in the Mediterranean. No one seriously believes that Italy would declare war on Britain if Britain decided to protect her shipping from bombs in Spanish ports. Admittedly as the time passes the dangers become greater, but to have allowed arms to go to the Spanish Government would not have had the effect of provoking a European war. Nor, if Britain and France were determined on a non-intervention policy, would it have meant war, had they enforced that determination by naval action to prevent arms arriving for Franco as well as for the Spanish Government. To-day the French have at length been prevailed upon to close their frontier completely against arms entering Catalonia; Mr. Butler declared on behalf of the British Government that "no formal representation or request" was made to France, but the position was made sufficiently clear by the *Times* Paris correspondent, who wrote that the French decision was "in the most literal sense independent. Spontaneous, it was certainly not." Clearly we have here a repetition of the familiar situation. French reactionary opinion wants a victory for Franco, and the forces of the Left, which could otherwise prevail, are defeated because of pressure from the British Government. A flight from the franc, such as marks this week, is the usual sign of this struggle.

We have, then, to face the fact that the ultimate explanation of French and British policy is that in both countries reactionary opinion has been blinded to its national interests by its fear of Communism, which Mussolini enlarges to "Communism and Democracy." There are old-fashioned patriots like Mr. Churchill in this country and M. Herriot in France, who are less afraid of their own common people and who prefer national decency and imperial security to doing the will of Fascist dictators. So far they have been in the minority. It must be added that social democracy both in France and England has been timorous, and in England so afraid of Communism that it has been handicapped at every point in its championship of Spanish democracy. Meanwhile, Republican Spain fights on, stubbornly contesting every foot of the ground against an overwhelming superiority of guns and aeroplanes. In spite of its inferiority in the necessary weapons of war and in spite of a food shortage terribly accentuated by our acquiescence in the blockade, Spanish democracy will fight on for many months yet. There are cracks behind Franco's lines, grave difficulties in the Fascist countries, and if British policy were to change, the tide of battle might turn with surprising rapidity in Spain. If British and French policy does not change and the Fascist Powers are permitted to conquer the Iberian peninsula, the British and French Empires will be in mortal danger. Their defence will be incalculably weakened, and we doubt if the people of England will think it worth while to fight a world war to defend them. As an Empire we shall perish and we shall deserve to.

BACK TO THE LAND?

[The Prime Minister's Kettering speech and this week's Parliamentary Debates on the Government's agricultural policy have directed public attention to the question, how far is "Back to the Land" practical politics for this country? In a series of articles, of which the first is printed below, L. F. Easterbrook will survey the problem in the light of recent scientific farming research.]

I.—THE LAND.

WE have in England and Wales about 37 million acres of land, of which towns, villages and roads occupy about 5 million acres and forest land another 2 million. Practically all the remainder is available for agriculture in one form or another, and yet in 1936 only 24.8 million acres of this land was being cultivated and of this cultivated area 15.7 million acres represented grass land of which a large proportion is cultivated only in name. The remainder is in "rough grazings," which have increased by 1.3 million acres since 1919. During this period, agriculture has lost in one way and another 1.9 million acres, of which less than half a million acres have been absorbed by the towns.

But not only have we lost a million and a half acres of land that might be producing food. Professor R. G. Stapledon has estimated that not less than 10 million acres of our land in permanent grass could be vastly improved, and scientific investigators agree with those who live by the land in saying that the standards of husbandry and productive power of the soil are falling even where farming is still taking place. I have talked to agricultural organisers in a dozen different counties, to farmers in all parts of Britain and to agricultural research workers, and the consensus of opinion is that perhaps 30 per cent. of our best land is now being well farmed and the remainder is falling more and more into neglect. It is true that Sir Thomas Inskip recently claimed that home-produced food had increased by 19 per cent. in the past six years, but it is not English soil that has produced it. The production has come from imports of feeding stuffs from all over the world, fed to stock that use our fields as little more than exercising grounds. Our acreage of barley, oats, beans, peas and all roots has shown considerable declines in every case in the past six years, and six years ago the process of keeping English livestock on imported food was already well advanced.

It has been estimated that in 1934 we imported 9,875,000 tons of feeding stuffs and fertilisers compared with an agricultural output of 9,863,000 tons.

The following figures tell their own story:

	1931 acres.	1937 acres.		1931 acres.	1937 acres.
Barley ..	1,029,000	822,800	Beans ..	162,700	96,900
Oats ..	1,652,000	1,223,100	Peas ..	76,900	30,900
			Roots ..	1,124,800	947,400 (including sugar beet)

Sixty years ago, with a smaller human and animal population, we were growing $2\frac{1}{4}$ million acres of barley and $1\frac{3}{4}$ million acres of oats. Our wheat acreage was then $3\frac{1}{4}$ million, compared with just over $1\frac{3}{4}$ million last year.

This great change has come about through the exploitation of the virgin lands all over the world. Man has plundered the stored up fertility of centuries on the American continent and elsewhere. As a result, less than one-third of the land surface of the United States has been left intact, Mr. G. V. Jacks, of Rothamsted, tells us, and soil which once covered the land to a depth of seven or eight feet has been completely washed away over millions of acres, exposing rank clay. Australia is worried not so much as to whether it is worth farming some of her land as whether there will be any land left to farm. Canada is no less worried. A few generations of overstocking, a policy of tariffs and export subsidies and a magnificent elevator system have already transformed parts of South Africa's richest pastoral country into semi-desert. It is this raping of the fertility of the earth that has upset the balance of agriculture in England; for farmers, not being fools, have found it better to use this flood of imported fodder, while it lasts, instead of growing it at home with greater trouble and risk even if they could grow it at something like the same cost.

But how long will it last? Anyone who cares to study the report on "Erosion and Soil Conservation" (G. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte) recently issued by the Imperial Bureau of Soil Science, telling of the exhaustion of the world's food-producing resources all over the world, can hardly fail to be perturbed. Apart from the possibility of self-defence in war, apart from doubt about our continued ability to buy foreign food in exchange for manufactured goods and banking and shipping services, apart from all other considerations, there is the strongest case for considering the advisability now of a policy to make Britain fertile again. It is a matter of self-preservation.

We have become so terribly scientific that it is unfashionable to talk of life in these days either in the terms of the day-to-day experiences that make up our span on this tiny spinning globe or as the mystery that no scientist has yet probed. And so we find people even foolish enough to talk of farms as food factories. It is typical of our debased approach to the land. The land is something that produces life, in the form of grass and corn and all the things that nourish its creatures including ourselves. So the production of food is not just a matter of calling in the chemist with his scales and textbooks to tell us how many hundredweights of calcium or potash or other elements should be shovelled back into the soil to replace those that have been taken out. The thing is to rediscover how to keep the soil in good heart to provide the right environment for plants to flourish. At least 95 per cent of a plant such as grass is organic and must ultimately make its own selection of its needs from the soil, and in every acre of English land, or any other for that matter, there are dozens of elements and millions of bacteria that vary with the crops that have been grown on it. So each farm is, in its way, a living entity, built up on what has gone before, and every farmer must therefore learn and understand his farm if he is to get the best results from it. The best farmers have acquired this knowledge that scientists cannot give them.

It is therefore imperative that we should breed and maintain a farming class who can understand the soil and work with it by living close to it, and at the same time make use of modern machinery and much that is good in the discoveries of science if the land is to be treated as it should. A purely mechanistic approach to the soil is as much to be deplored as the ignorance that leads to the ultra-conservatism of the worst type of peasant. One cannot be too thankful that the City has never felt it worth while to invest in farming. Had it done so, we should have seen monster bacon factories fed by millions of pigs living in porcine concentration camps managed by black-coated directors who know as little of vegetable or animal life as they do of human values. If farming is to flourish again we must have a rural civilisation in terms of modern life.

One of the disturbing things about the land to-day is that, at a time when it was never so easy to reclaim the uncultivated areas, there has never been greater reluctance to do so. Professor Stapledon and Robert Halliday have shown how the caterpillar tractor can bring into cultivation parts of Wales which have hardly been trodden by the foot of man. New strains of grasses will provide grazing in unexpected quantity above the 1,000-foot contour; the technique for reclaiming considerable areas in such unlikely spots as Dartmoor, Exmoor and the Cornish moors has been developed and proved successful; and the Dutch have shown what modern engineering can do in reclaiming land from water. Yet there are no agricultural pioneers to do this on a large scale, no one like the Knights who turned part of Exmoor from forest into an agricultural estate, like the seventeenth century Duke of Bedford who reclaimed the Fens, or like those hundreds of ordinary farming folk, who, on a smaller scale, were always trying to add a few more fertile acres to their holdings a hundred years ago. On the contrary, with all our advantages of machinery and science, we have failed to preserve from bog, rough grazing, moorland, and fast-encroaching bracken a large part of the fertile heritage our grandfathers handed down to us.

It is not too late to change our attitude towards the land if we think it worth while. But let no one imagine it will be simple or cheap, or the kind of thing that a Government could do by passing one or two Acts of Parliament. It will involve an agricultural revolution and a great deal of money. We shall not escape lightly from the results of confiscating £3,000,000 every year in capital from the land in the form of death duties. Apart from the cost of rehousing a large part of the rural population and establishing proper educational amenities which will be dealt with later, large sums would be needed to house and shelter an increased livestock population, and little has been done even for those we possess already for the last fifty years. The simplest possible arrangements for laying on water to the fields (a necessity if we are to farm to the maximum) would employ 30,000 to 50,000 men for a year according to the estimate of Professor Stapledon, who also estimates that another 50,000 men would have to work for a year to repair the fences, that 2,000 would be needed in Wales alone for three years to eradicate the bracken, and that in England and Wales an army of 14,900 men in the first year, decreasing gradually to 5,000 in ten years, would be required to rid our land of docks. Land drainage would mean further large expenditure. The estimate of the Dutch engineers called in to decide how the Fens could be made safe amounted to £6½ million and much work remains to be done on other large rivers and tributaries—probably about £15 million worth—in addition to clearing and relaying the land drains under the fields, which is urgent work in many places and makes liming a waste of money until it is done. We might well find ourselves setting up new homesteads for farmers who are to take part in this increased production, and almost certainly we should have to devise short and long term credit policies to finance some of them in increasing our flocks and herds. If we are to reverse the present policy of feeding imported rations to stock that run on our worn-out pastures, and revert to some system of alternate husbandry over a large part of what is now permanent grassland, thousands of tractors and cultivating implements will have to be bought and farmers asked to revolutionise their farming methods in such districts. It will mean re-equipping the farms with machinery and buildings and offering them sufficient security of markets to encourage them to do so. It is as well that the magnitude of the task should be realised before considering in greater detail what might be done. The English countryside, neglected for a century, will not be restored to full health by the wave of a Prime Minister's wand.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

A LONDON DIARY

REPORTS from people closely in touch with politics in Germany confirm the view that the effects of the British intervention of May 21st have not yet worn off. There is no doubt that Hitler received a set-back over Czechoslovakia and that he is for the time at least disillusioned about Ribbentrop. He discovered that the Cliveden group were not England and that his ambassador had misrepresented British opinion. Perhaps he heard, as some of us heard here, accounts of the decisive interview between Sir Nevile Henderson and Ribbentrop. Ribbentrop, astonished to find England serious about a little thing like Czechoslovakia, became increasingly furious and Sir Nevile Henderson, hitherto so sympathetic to the Nazis, became increasingly bland, resuming, I am told, whenever Ribbentrop paused for breath, each interrupted passage with a suave "as I was saying." I should like to have been there. The upshot was that Hitler has since been seeing Neurath instead of Ribbentrop. A revealing incident recently occurred at a dinner given by Göring who spoke excitedly about the "treason" of the Poles. Asked what he meant, he said that neutrality was no good to the Germans, which confirms the general impression that the Poles, at the critical week-end at least, acted as a brake on the Nazis. The lull, however, can only be considered as a very temporary one. Hitler has often switched from one adviser to another with his changes of mood.

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The Committee of Shipowners trading with Spain has issued an impressive statement demanding protection by the British Government, pointing out the absurdity of their propaganda about foreigners flying the British flag (the British mercantile marine has always contained a proportion of Greeks and others and this has usually been considered a great British asset) and urging (as the Bishops' Manifesto did last week) that the real issue is whether any kind of law is to exist in international affairs. The last straw was the offer of Almeria as a safe port for British shipping. The Almeria harbour, which has room for only seven ships—there are more than 140 British ships engaged in the trade—is precariously connected with the rest of Government Spain by roads that are under constant bombardment, and was in any case reduced almost to rubble by the guns of the *Deutschland*. (Anyone who has forgotten these disgraceful "reprisals" should look at the documents of the case, including the statement by the Captain of the *Deutschland*, which was published in a twopenny pamphlet *How the German Fleet Shelled Almeria*, by the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1.) Yet I hear that Mr. Chamberlain was only with difficulty headed off from accepting this proposal. In the circumstances Count Ciano's urgent requests to hasten the completion of the Anglo-Italian Agreement must be embarrassing for Lord Perth, who is a gentlemanly diplomat of the old school who does not like to leave any stone unturned while exploring every avenue to reach a compromise with a dictator who has not the slightest intention of making any compromise anyway.

* * *

If it were still possible to laugh at anything in European affairs we should all be bursting our sides over Mussolini's list of Italian victories. Guadalajara is amongst them. I have heard first-hand accounts of that Italian victory from men who watched the Italians run and I have seen thousands of the captured Italians in Spanish prisons. They left lorries in the

road with the engines running and the Garibaldi battalion (on the principle of set an Italian to catch an Italian) only had to turn those lorries round and use them for pursuit. I am not sneering at the Italians; all nations have their military disasters and the more soldiers learn that fighting is not worth while the more pleased I shall be. The important point is Mussolini's effort to present this rout as a victory. Fascism lives on myths. Millions of Germans believe in the Horst Wessel myth and some no doubt still think the Communists set fire to the Reichstag. Dictatorship of the mind is worse than dictatorship of the body because it undermines resistance and creates a nation of morons.

* * *

I wish this issue of Official Secrets had not been mixed up with "Parliamentary privilege" because I am sure that many men in suburban trains think it's all a lot of talk about nothing and that M.P.s are wasting their time arguing about their personal rights. The popular capitalist newspapers naturally do not take the trouble to explain that it is just as important now as it was in the days of Charles I that M.P.s should be safe in exposing scandals and asking questions. Monday's debate did not help matters. It was palpably a waste of time, though that was not the Opposition's fault. The Official Secrets Acts were not under discussion and the interesting questions arising out of the Sandys case were all ruled out pending the report of the Select Committee. The facts we want to know are, first, why Mr. Hore-Belisha sent Mr. Sandys's question to the Prime Minister instead of having a friendly chat to Mr. Sandys, and, secondly, why Mr. Chamberlain thought it necessary to put the Attorney-General on to the job. During the discussions of the topic one has been conscious of strong personal undercurrents. Sir John Simon's defence of Mr. Hore-Belisha was against spoken as well as unspoken criticism, and I think there is some feeling against him among his political friends. There is also the obvious annoyance of the Government at the insistent questioning of Mr. Churchill and his friends. Mr. Chamberlain has been getting irritable lately. He has been subjected to a very well directed fire from the Opposition. But I am not surprised that the Prime Minister finds Mr. Churchill particularly exasperating. He is so brilliant and so very well-informed.

* * *

I remember remarking when an earlier volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* appeared that if he was indeed always as right as this he would have been well advised to invent a few mistakes. The fascinating chapters now appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* suffer from the same defect of infallibility. But it must be admitted that Mr. Lloyd George has no difficulty in marshalling the names of a host of experts who approved both of hanging the Kaiser and of "making Germany pay." Here are the great, and one would have thought, level-headed Sir Frederick Pollock, the present Lord Chief Justice and others of almost equal eminence unanimously in favour of a public trial of the Kaiser for the crime of invading Belgium and instituting unrestricted submarine warfare, and Lord Birkenhead advocating on the highest moral grounds that the Kaiser should be punished by a purely Allied Court. As for the monstrous reparations actually imposed, Mr. Lloyd George takes most effective cover behind the then Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Sumner, and a lot of experts who certainly ought to have known better. The only people (apart from himself) who kept their heads, were, he says, the civil servants, Mr. Keynes amongst them.

* * *

Distraction is one of the peculiar distinctions of this age. Never, says the modern business world, shall you forget that there is something else you can buy, something else you can look at or hear in some other place you can go to. Never be alone. Seldom read a book through and never twice, because someone has always written a masterpiece more exciting than the last. The daily paper is the peculiar channel of this misery, the mechanism for seeing that we all know less and less about more and more. Therefore when I picked up *The Day Before Yesterday*, by S. B. Harrison (Cobden-Sanderson, 15s.), which consists entirely of extracts from the *Times* for the year 1936, I did so with a certain weariness. I have read the *Times* before. To my surprise I find the book thoroughly amusing, excellent bedtime distraction. The year passes before me like a cinema: Hitler occupies the Rhineland, Mr. Eden has chicken-pox, a king dies and is buried, another king succeeds but is not crowned, war begins in Spain and Madrid does not fall, and the *Times* compares Russia to a hippopotamus. The *Times* report reads:

> But the Pravda objects as the hippopotamus, according to the Russian dictionary, is a "bog-cow," and therefore a meaningless term for the Soviet Union, as Soviet Russia does not give the capitalists milk.

Honours easy.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M. Branson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Mr. Walt Disney's creation of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is said to have gained him £1,200,000 and the degree of Master of Arts of Yale University. What he might consider the crowning honour is more recent. The songs from the film are being played by the Guards Bands.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Sir,—If Nature had meant the calf to have pasteurised milk she would have pasteurised it.

The same applies to the human mother and her offspring and to the adult who is apeing childhood.—S. Claude Tickell, Vicar of Latton-cum-Eysey.—*Western Morning News.*

Mdlle. Veronica, holder of the world's high kick record of 5,121 kicks in 2 hours 22 minutes, hopes to beat this figure this afternoon on the roof of ——, the North End department store. . . .

Veronica will be accompanied by Giovanni, the world celebrated pickpocket.—*Croydon Advertiser.*

"I think that for the future welfare of the rising generation we should find women who are strong enough to draw water," said the Earl of Shaftesbury at the Dorset Standing Joint Committee to-day.

There was a discussion about a well attached to the village constable's house at Wimborne St. Giles.

It was stated that the constable's wife was not strong enough to draw water from the well, and Lord Shaftesbury suggested that the constable should be changed.

"Give us a constable whose wife will draw water," he asked.—*Daily Herald.*

As you pass a group of schoolgirls in the streets nowadays, you frequently find them trying to stand upside down against a wall—this being one of the accomplishments learned in school hours. The whole system of elementary education needs overhauling.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

He added that he had never owned a car in his life, and this struck me as so strange that I wondered how many men one meets to-day could say the same.—*Evening News.*

Some years ago I produced a dramatic sketch for a local Band of Hope entertainment. One of the characters was a Cockney, obviously of the gutter-merchant type, into whose mouth the author had, no doubt unthinkingly, put many of the expressions to which I have referred. Luckily I thought of a way out of the difficulty. Whenever for example, the word "blimey" was used to convey extreme surprise, I substituted the words "How odd!" I can truthfully say that the audience found these substitutions just as amusing as the expletives which the author had supplied, and which I myself thought highly objectionable. Could not the B.B.C. Variety programmes be kept on the same high level without any loss of entertainment value?—Letter in *Radio Times.*

MR. JOHN CANNING'S CASE

THE Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury were engaged last week in an action brought by Mr. John Duffey Canning, stockbroker, who claimed damages for libel against the publishers and Miss Helen Ashton, the authoress of *People in Cages*. The case is of some importance, and, although no new point of law was decided, the result will possibly enable authors and publishers to sleep more comfortably in their beds.

Mr. John Canning, stockbroker, complained that the character, "Captain John Canning," in the book, *People in Cages*, was recognisable as himself, and indeed was recognised by his friends as himself. Inasmuch as the character was drawn in unfavourable colours and was an unpleasant person, the real Mr. John Canning claimed that the reference was defamatory of him, John Canning, the stockbroker, and he was entitled to damages. In support of this claim, Mr. John Canning called his partner and a chartered accountant, both of whom said they thought that the Captain Canning referred to in the book might refer to the plaintiff. There was also the assertion that since the publication of the book Mr. Canning had been chaffed by his friends, and, in fact, generally held up to ridicule.

In his opening speech, counsel for the plaintiff admitted that *People in Cages* was pure fiction, and made no suggestion that the authoress had ever heard of Mr. Canning, the stockbroker. The authoress said that she used the name of Canning, the statesman, and that she had found nobody called John Canning in the London telephone directory. She had never heard of Mr. Canning, the stockbroker. The Lord Chief Justice of England, after hearing the evidence, summed up strongly to the jury, and suggested that the case was conceived in an atmosphere of unreality. The jury found for the author and publishers, and Mr. John Canning has to pay the costs of the action.

So many claims of this kind are made against publishers of fiction that it may be useful to examine why they are ever made. They became frequent after the decision of the House of Lords in the litigation when Mr. Artemus Jones sued Messrs. Hulton and Co., and recovered considerable damages. This judgment has been much misunderstood.

In the *Sunday Chronicle*, published by Messrs. Hulton and Co., of the 12th July, 1908, the Paris correspondent was describing a motor festival which had recently taken place at Dieppe, and in chatty vein wrote:

> "Whist! There is Artemus Jones with a woman who is not his wife—who must be, you know, the other thing," whispers a fair neighbour of mine excitedly into her bosom friend's ear. Who would have supposed that by his goings-on that he was a churchwarden at Peckham! No one, indeed, would assume that in the atmosphere of London he would take on so austere a job as the duties of a churchwarden. Here in the atmosphere of Dieppe, on the French side of the Channel, he is the life and soul of a gay little band that haunts the Casino and turns night into day, besides betraying a most unholy delight in the society of female butterflies.

Mr. Thomas Artemus Jones, although he was not a churchwarden and did not reside at Peckham, but was a barrister practising on the Northern Circuit, complained of this paragraph.

Anybody who puts himself into the position of Mr. Artemus Jones would see that he had grounds for complaint. Here was a description of a motor festival which had actually happened, with himself described as a loose person philandering abroad. If the words complained of had appeared in a novel or short story, published as fiction, it is doubtful whether Mr. Jones would have complained, but it was not so represented. He called his acquaintances, who told the Court they thought the Artemus Jones they knew was the one in the paragraph.

The writer of the notes and the editor of the *Sunday Chronicle* gave evidence that "they knew not Artemus," the barrister, and had never had him in mind when the defamatory matter was written and published. The judge directed the jury that authors and publishers were responsible for what they produced and if this publication was defamatory of a named person, that person was entitled to recover damages. The jury returned a verdict of £1,750 damages, and this verdict was confirmed by two members of the Court of Appeal, with the late Lord Justice Moulton dissenting. Subsequently all the members of a strong bench of the House of Lords unanimously approved the law and findings.

Lord Justice Farwell, in his judgment in the Court of Appeal, said he could see no reason why two or more persons of the name of "Artemus Jones," who produced evidence from their acquaintances and others in different parts of the kingdom, similar to that produced by Mr. Artemus Jones, should not also be able to obtain damages.

This case differs from the action of Mr. Canning. In the Artemus Jones case the matter complained of was not published as fiction, but, being fiction, appeared as a statement of fact.

A libel must be written and published of and concerning a person and it is for the jury to find that fact; if they do, the person libelled must recover. The Artemus Jones case decided that if a name is used in a statement or story which is not published as fiction, and is read by friends of someone bearing that name as a true story, and if the story is defamatory of the named person, he can recover. The fact that the writer was unaware there was such a person as Artemus Jones does not matter; the story was defamatory, and that was an end.

Following this decision, many claims were made against publishers and authors by people bearing the names of characters in purely fictitious books. The defence of a libel action being exceedingly expensive, many threats have been settled for small sums as mere nuisance money. Some have brought actions and failed, some have succeeded. The highest tribunal has never, however, had to deal with an action for libel founded on what is represented as, and admittedly is, fiction.

Some years ago a Mr. Blennerhassett, another stockbroker, objected that the advertisement of a popular pastime called "Yo-Yo," which depicted a Mr. Blennerhassett being taken to a lunatic asylum playing at "Yo-Yo," was defamatory of him. The judge stopped Mr. Blennerhassett's action and withheld it from the jury, holding that no one for one moment could possibly think that the Mr. Blennerhassett the stockbroker was the demented person of the advertisement.

An interesting example of the lengths to which some people have thought it possible to build on the Artemus Jones precedent occurred not long ago in connection with this journal. Caliban, in one of his puzzles, used the name of "Dr. Bolus" (the dictionary defines bolus as a "horse-pill") and received a lawyer's letter claiming that a practitioner of that name had been libelled by Caliban's jests. Liability was denied, and that was the end of the matter.

In the fly-page of many novels that are published now there is a statement by the author that all the characters are fictitious, and do not refer to any persons. Some authors even go further and refer to the names in their books, stating that these names are fictitious and do not represent any person. These statements are of no value and give no protection to the publisher or author.

It seems now that if a novel is pure fiction, and names are used which happen to be the names of living persons, those persons cannot recover damages for libel unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of the judge that the libel is published of the person complaining. In other words, there must be circumstances which show the author, while writing, was writing fact which is disguised as fiction. Authors sometimes write of experiences, and use names which are of living persons. This is an entirely different matter, and is, of course, very dangerous.

Authors and publishers of fiction need have no fear in using ordinary names, provided that sufficient care is shown. If an author deliberately uses a name of some person and tells facts which might be understood to refer to that person

he will be liable in damages, but the mere use of a surname coupled with a Christian name in fiction does not necessarily entitle numerous people who hold that name to feather their nests at the expense of the publisher.

OSWALD S. HICKSON

ADVICE

A GREAT newspaper has been giving advice to readers in its leader-column lately in regard to their conduct in everyday life. The other day, one of its leader-notes began rousingly: "Behave well to barmaids." How many of its readers, I wonder, winced as they read this? Were thousands of guilty consciences stung to repentance for unkind words spoken when a barmaid put tonic-water instead of soda into the whisky and, instead of serving a new drink, laughed and said: "It *must* taste funny"? Did thousands of others remember having once been tipsy in presence of a barmaid and make a silent vow that this should never happen again? I have myself seen very few men behaving badly to barmaids. The ordinary young man, as he orders "two nice bitters, please, Miss," is a model of good breeding. If a greybeard in the heat of an argument with a friend inadvertently raises the strength of his language to the level of the dialogue in modern fiction, he is almost certain to be greeted with a chorus of "Now, now," "Easy there," and "Ladies present." I once knew an elderly bookmaker who, though something of a Hercules in the use of language himself, always offered anyone guilty of a transgression of speech in the presence of a barmaid the alternative of "cheesing it" or being taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown out of the public-house. I have heard it maintained, indeed, that barmaids have a civilising influence and that many a rough customer, who would talk fire and brimstone if only a man were behind the counter, finds himself tamed into chivalry when it is a woman who pours out his beer. Even so, however, in so varied a world as this, there must be a number of unteachables whom the presence of a barmaid cannot reduce to civilised behaviour. Because of this, I think that the newspaper may have done some good by urging its readers to "behave well to barmaids." It might be a good thing indeed to send framed copies of the motto to be hung in all the public-houses in England.

Two days later, the same newspaper, in a leader-note prettily entitled "Love," turned from the treatment of barmaids to the treatment of lovers. It begun by pointing out that it is not only in the spring that a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and suggested that this is much more likely to happen in July and August. "If you do not believe so," it went on, "go walking through the parks of Britain just now. There you will see the young man absorbed by his loved one." Having read so far, you may find yourself wondering what the moral of all this is going to be. You will discover it in the next sentences. The moral is: "Pay no attention. Encourage the affair by showing no consciousness of it."

This advice, too, seems to me to be sound. If you are walking behind a young man who is holding his loved one by the hand in a park, it is certainly better manners as well as better policy to pay no attention to them than to follow on their heels making coughing noises or derisively whistling "There's Something About You." It would be embarrassing to them even if in a burst of philanthropic emotion you went up and congratualted them and told them confidentially that you had once been in love yourself at their age. Here, again, however, I wonder to what proportion of its readers the newspaper is addressing its advice. Perhaps the mass-observers are including in their programme a study of the attitude of the British public to lovers. There are a number of small boys, no doubt, not yet of the newspaper-reading age, to whom lovers always seem ridiculous. I have often sat in the gallery of a theatre during a sentimental play and seen the effect of the play utterly destroyed, when the lovers embraced, by the loud imitative kissing noises made by some of the youthful barbarians among my neighbours. The treatment of the newly married, too, by those of their friends who tie an old shoe to the back of the car that takes the bride and bridegroom to the station, suggests that to laugh at love is a fairly common instinct. It has been said that "all the world loves a lover." It might be nearer the truth to say: "Half the world loves a lover: the other half jeers at him."

Probably, it is of the jeerers that the newspaper is thinking when it warns its readers to pay no attention to lovers, but to "encourage the affair by showing no consciousness of it." I agree that the correct attitude to adopt is to pay no attention, but it seems to me that the newspaper is a little optimistic in advising its readers to "encourage" the lovers. Is it so certain that they are going to live happily ever after? If you are going to play any part in the love-affairs of other people, the best thing to do in my opinion would be, not to encourage them, but to warn them of the difficulties and dangers that lie in wait for them. A kind-hearted man of the interfering type would go about the parks handing cut leaflets to lovers, bearing some such title as "Love: Its Perils and Responsibilities." Statistics have recently been compiled showing that love does not necessarily lead to happiness even in the most aristocratic circles. A statistician quoted figures, indeed, which proved that, if you marry a peer you are considerably more likely to be unhappy than if you marry a commoner. Some of the old ballads and the more heart-breaking Victorian music-hall songs convey a distinct warning never to fall in love with a gentleman. The more I study love, the more I am convinced that lovers, like poets, should in their own interests be discouraged. How excellent was the poetry written in the age of Shelley when the ordinary Englishman looked on a poet as a kind of half-wit! In such an atmosphere it is only the genuine poets who persist. Similarly, if you wish to find an example of an ideally happy marriage, you will instinctively turn to the story of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the most discouraged pair of lovers in history. It is the fashion to abuse Mr. Barrett, but was there ever a father who prepared his daughter more successfully for a happy married life? Encouragement in moderation is an admirable thing; but there are circumstances, I cannot help thinking, in which discouragement is in its effect more encouraging.

The newspaper, however, I fancy, in advising its readers, was more intent on improving their behaviour in public than on encouraging those who, most people will admit, need no encouragement. Some people will think that, even for this purpose its advice is superfluous. I am myself continually amazed at the good behaviour of the people whom I pass in the streets and see in shops, restaurants and public-houses. It is only when I read the news in the newspapers that I realise how wicked the human race is. Black as they paint the animal called man, however, I feel sure that the people whose doings they report are only an interesting minority. Walk along the Strand, and you will not find even the people who look like villains behaving villainously. Lovers may kiss as they part at a bus-stop, and not a hoot of derision is to be heard from the passers-by. Go into a tobacconist's, and the tobacconist, instead of flinging your packet of cigarettes contemptuously on the counter, is the pink of courtesy. The policeman, who is supposed to handle his fellow-creatures so roughly, is as gentle as a lamb as he holds up the traffic to let you cross. The newsboy is shouting "three-thirty winner" like a happy bird in full song. The woman who bumps into you says "Sorry!" and smiles like an angel. You could walk the streets of London for twenty-four hours, indeed, and not meet a single person whom you wished to reprove. Human beings, when not in motor cars, are almost all and almost always well behaved.

Even when in a motor car, the ordinary human being is, so far as my experience goes, something of a saint. But it is also my experience that you cannot drive thirty miles in a

motor car without wishing to reprove at least half-a-dozen of your fellow-motorists. Even many professional drivers come round corners surprisingly fast on the wrong side. At least five per cent. of motorists, I calculate, give no signal as they slow down to turn into a side street. Then there is the crown-of-the-road crawler who makes the Sabbath hideous for the long stream of traffic behind him eager to be back in town in time for dinner. Even in the three-line one-way arterial roads he will not keep to his side but crawls along the middle track and sometimes along the outside track, converting what should be a speedway into a speed-limit area. I often wish that all motorists had a kind of automatic megaphone on the roof of their cars which would bellow at short intervals: "Don't be a cad." It would make the roads noisier, but I doubt whether anything short of this will persuade the ill-mannered minority of motorists—the most ill-mannered people on earth—to behave themselves. Perhaps the newspaper I have quoted will take the matter up. "Don't be a cad," is an even more necessary motto for the times than "Behave well to barmaids." Y. Y.

THE AIR PRESUMPTIVE

WHO shall succeed departed Reith?
To whom, in all sublunar space,
Can Britain suitably bequeath
His place?
Breathes there a being fit to sway
Reith's self-made Empire of the Air?
The Talking Mongoose is, they say,
Less rare.

Who could with monumental phlegm
Rebut the thankless licensees
Like him? Who, sleepless, watch the employees,
And guide them through this Age of Jazz—
A vestal band no slur befouls,
Their private conduct open as
Their vowels?

Now public virtue is renewed
While aspirants the call await—
Self-questionings obsess the good
And great.
Now K.C.B.'s new heights achieve,
Now M.V.O.'s lead nobler lives,
Now O.B.E.'s no longer leave
Their wives.

The B.B.C. expects a sign,
Rapt in a sacramental hush;
The brooding Governors decline
To rush.
But to the millions listening in,
Somehow a wordless rumour's broached
That God has tentatively been
Approached.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

NEW HOMES FOR JEWS

SIR,—I have read the article on p. 8 of the issue of your paper of the 2nd inst. on "New Homes for Jews" by Mr. Israel Cohen. It is, of course, my duty as a German Jewish refugee in this country to abstain from taking part in any discussion of the policy of the country which has granted me hospitality. But the matter discussed in Mr. Cohen's article is of such a nature that I hope it will not be considered as a breach of that duty if I venture to express some comments on it.

One statement in Mr. Cohen's article must surprise all those—Gentiles and Jews—who endeavour to assist the Jews in Germany and Eastern Europe in their terrible and almost hopeless plight to find countries of refuge where they can build up a new existence. At a time when a conference of statesmen from the leading democratic countries makes the greatest effort to determine how at least part of the Jews suffering in Germany and elsewhere can be saved, at a time when it is also clearly demonstrated to the world that the Palestinian "National Home" could at the best give only a partial and perhaps very precarious solution to the problem, Mr. Cohen thinks that the right moment has arrived to pronounce that "the Jews will naturally want to see the promise of Palestine realised before willing to consider an additional national settlement elsewhere."

It would be interesting to know on what grounds Mr. Cohen bases his right to speak in the name of "the Jews." I think that a great number, probably the vast majority, of Jews in Germany would be extremely grateful if a refuge could be found for them in any country of the world where the climate is suitable for European settlement. They are not bold enough to demand an "additional national settlement." They would be content to find a country where they would be allowed to start a new life. They would gladly accept any offer of a settlement additional to that of Palestine, whether "national" or otherwise. They would be far from endorsing Mr. Cohen's incomprehensible grounds for a refusal of any such offer.

In addition to this you may forgive my drawing your attention to another point. Mr. Cohen's way of speaking in the name of "the Jews" is typical of the attitude of Zionists. Their claim to speak in the name of "the Jews" very closely resembles the claim of the German Nazis to speak in the name of "the Germans." Hardly any German Jew will deny the great contribution of Palestine to the solution of the difficulties into which the political developments of the last five years have involved German Jewry. But notwithstanding this fact it must be pointed out that many German Jews strongly resent the growth of a certain mental outlook on the part of Zionism which, however, is probably inherent in this movement. Zionism's unjustified claim to speak on behalf of "the Jews," its lack of tolerance towards any Jewish opponents of Zionism, its contempt for the ideas and achievements of the French Revolution, which after all opened to the Jews the way to full participation in European civilisation, make this movement just as despicable to us as any other movement which is opposed to the ideas of social progress of mankind. Apart from the different "national" denominator, Zionism sometimes seems to be indistinguishable from any other Fascist movement. Its social function amongst the great number of German Jews, who formerly belonged to the bourgeois class and who became proletarians in the course of the recent events, is strikingly similar to the function of National Socialism amongst similar strata of the "Aryan" population in Germany to divert their ideas from the only real and lasting solution of the problem of the oppression of classes and "races" in our unfortunate country, a solution which would sweep away once and for all the persecution of "Aryans" and "Non-Aryans" in Germany. This solution will be the overthrow of the Nazi regime and the establishment of a socialist society in Germany, which we still regard as our fatherland in spite of all insults inflicted on us by its present rulers.

Perhaps you will allow me a concluding remark. It sometimes seems as if perhaps progressive opinion in this country and elsewhere did not always realise that ultimately the function of Zionism in relation to the German Jews is the same as the function of Nazism in relation to the German "Aryans"—to prevent them from becoming aware of this solution by incitement to irrational feelings, fanatic intolerance and race hatred, those attributes of Fascism which are detested by all civilised people of the world.

GERMAN JEW

THE WAKAMBA

SIR,—I can assure Sir Daniel Hall that when in 1912-13 I was in medical charge of the Province that includes the Kamba Reserve (the form Wakamba can be used only of people and hence should not be used in English) the Kamba did use milk, though they know better than to drink it fresh. And what sense is there in blaming those wretched Kamba for soil erosion and overstocking? They were where they are now for unknown centuries, and yet the "something like desert" resulting from those twin evils has only recently appeared. Mr. Kenyatta was perfectly right in asserting that the cause of those evils was the alienation of once tribal land to Europeans and the consequent overcrowding of man and beast. Until that injustice is rectified Sir Daniel is probably right in saying that Messrs. Liebig are benefactors

in giving a pound a head for surplus Kamba cattle instead of the price of the hide, which is all they used to get and all they will get if Liebig, as is rumoured, gives up. So, too, by that reckoning are the settlers who offer surplus Kamba men work at 8s. a month. But in both cases, why surplus?

Yalding, Kent. NORMAN LEYS

CATTLE IN KENYA

SIR,—Sir Daniel Hall has missed my point. The Wakamba do not deny that there is danger of soil erosion in their territory; in fact it is the logical outcome of the Government's alienation of their land. Certainly their cattle are "ill-bred and starved"; but what has the Government done to encourage their improvement? There is a better breed in Kenya, which is monopolised by white settlers. If it were introduced in Wakamba territory the people might be more easily persuaded to keep fewer and better cattle.

It is incorrect that the Wakamba do not use their cattle. Milk and ghee are indispensable to their diet, and many Wakamba families earn their tax-money by selling ghee to Indian and other shop-keepers in the towns.

However, the question is not the number and use of the cattle, but whether the Government's method of eliminating them is worthy of any nation which claims to stand for fair dealing. The Wakamba feel strongly that the meat factory is not an altruistic concern but a commercial one; and that having induced the firm to establish itself there, the Government is compelling them to sell their stock at the lowest price in its interests. If the Government really was concerned with Wakamba interests it might run the factory as a State concern, or better, invite the Wakamba to run it as a co-operative enterprise with Government advice and help. Any profits could then go to benefit the Wakamba and improve the land ruined by overcrowding. They pay taxes, and are entitled to ask for some outlay in their interests.

Since my letter appeared, two cables from the Kikuyu Central Association (speaking for the African peoples of Kenya) informs the Colonial Secretary that forced sales still continue, and that cattle-owners are being intimidated by armed troops and harassed by police inspectors who have instructions to seize 100,000 cattle. Since cattle have special significance to all the tribes, nothing could be more calculated to inflame unrest throughout Kenya than this injudicious interference with them. The Masai, for example, are dependent on cattle; to them a forced sale among the Wakamba forebodes disaster.

All the tribes have already lost their best lands. In 1933 there were about 31,000,000 acres of African reserves, more than half consisting of desert and semi-desert tracts, inhabited by the bulk of 3,000,000 people, who had between them 4,965,963 head of cattle, 2,960,827 sheep and 4,321,543 goats. Meanwhile, 4,700 Europeans held between them 5,206,264 acres of the best land, much of which is not yet in use. Although the Kenya Native Lands Trust Ordinance of 1930 pledged that African reserves should be undisturbed, the pledge was broken when gold was found in the Kavirondo two years later. The people's land is filched, and now their cattle are cut down by force to match the reduced grazing area. But Europeans in Kenya are allowed enough land to graze as many cattle as they choose to keep. In Laikipia, for example, from which the Masai were turned out wholesale, large numbers of European-owned cattle are to-day grazing undisturbed.

The tribes of Kenya have had no reason in the past to trust the disinterested benevolence of the Government. It has not robbed them of their land for their own good, but for the white man's, and when it takes away their cattle by violence and arranges for a European firm to profit thereby, it gives no evidence of a change of heart. When they have a Government which represents them and serves their interests their goodwill and reason will be enlisted on its side; till then it is for the Government to convince them that it deserves these things. I sincerely hope Sir Daniel Hall will use his influence with his colleagues at Whitehall and Nairobi to hasten this desirable end. The Kenya Government of to-day is responsible to the British people through Parliament. It may give plausible reasons for its conduct, but common sense declares that any Government which cannot carry out its policy without such brutal methods stands self-confessed as a failure to any judgment but that of Fascists. JOMO KENYATTA

(General Secretary, Kikuyu Central Association)

15 Cranleigh Houses,
Cranleigh Street, London, N.W.1.

THE WALLACE CASE

SIR,—Mr. Hemmerde appears to think that, by allowing the defence in the Wallace case to choose the places in Lancashire from which the jury should be called, the accused was effectively protected from trial by a prejudiced jury. It is difficult to understand how such a belief can persist in face of the facts in this notorious case.

In nearly every case of murder, the proceedings at the preliminary hearing before the magistrates become something in the nature of a preliminary trial, but a trial in which the defence cannot properly be opened and in which much is admitted to the detriment of the accused which would be inadmissible in the trial court. These proceedings receive as much newspaper publicity usually as the actual trial, often on a nation-wide scale, and it is quite farcical to imagine that they are unreported and unknown in any part of the county in which the crime has been committed. The idea that in such circumstances a jury can be chosen with minds free from preconception and prejudice is merely a legal fiction charged with grave danger to the accused brought to trial on the capital charge.

I am strongly of opinion, therefore, that the public reporting of preliminary proceedings in such cases involves positive disadvantages to accused persons so grave as to outweigh any dangers that may lurk in the suppression of the present practice. In any case, I believe these dangers to be chimerical, as experience in countries like Scotland, where the English preliminary hearing has no parallel, has demonstrated. JOHN PATON,

Secretary

National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions,
London, S.W.1.

CYCLISTS AND MOTORISTS

SIR,—I imagine that most of your readers are sufficiently hard-boiled to distrust *ex parte* statistics, and that Mr. Alfred Firth's comparison of the relative safety of cyclists and motorists left them rather cold. But in case anybody was sufficiently innocent to absorb them as printed, may I remark that my family owns five bicycles and two cars? The average annual mileage of the two cars is approximately 20,000; the average annual mileage of the five cycles is about 1,000. I might imitate Mr. Firth and rush wildly into a comparison on the basis of these mileages, and assume that every motor vehicle covers 10,000 miles per annum, and every bicycle 200 miles. I will not be so foolish; but it is obvious that the mileage factor completely deranges and undermines all Mr. Firth's facile conclusions.

I wonder if Mr. Firth has read *Road Traffic and Its Control*, written by Mr. H. Alker Tripp, Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard? Mr. Firth states that 60 per cent. of the casualties to pedal cyclists are due to failure in the behaviour of the cyclist or his machine, whilst less than 25 per cent. are due to the acts of drivers of other vehicles. Mr. Tripp speaks in high praise of the "club" type of pedal cyclist, but is extremely scathing in his opinion of unattached cyclists, amongst whom he recognises an "extremely numerous" class of "casual and irresponsible youths, who behave as if they were a law unto themselves."

The facts in Mr. Dyson's letter are correct; but the deductions which he draws from them are less trustworthy. As the regulations permit supercharging, there is nothing to prevent British firms from supercharging their machines. Hitherto they have not made the attempt, or have made it and failed.

The Manx circuit is so long (37½ miles, as compared with the dozen miles usual for similar Continental circuits) that foreign visitors are unable to master its intricacies in the brief period allowed for practising, and are therefore unable to win races over it unless they possess a very substantial advantage in speed along the straights. This advantage the D.K.W. possesses over all British 250 c.c. machines. The B.M.W. possesses a speed vantage of approximately 10 m.p.h. on the straight over all British 500 c.c. machines, has beaten them in two recent Continental races, but may not beat them in the Isle of Man for reasons aforesaid. The Manx course is so difficult at 500 c.c. speeds (which now approach an average of 90 m.p.h.) that many experts consider victory is limited to one of three men (one Irish and two English). Be that as it may, the B.M.W. team had no chance at all this June. One of their machines finished fifth, ridden by a Briton who has no pretensions to rank as an ace, and who never finished so high till he began to ride a B.M.W. The two German

aces in the employ of B.M.W. did not seriously compete. One was absent, owing to a mysterious accident; the other jammed a broken plug in one cylinder whilst preparing for the race, and only crossed the starting line (on one cylinder) in order to draw his starting money. The latter has since defeated the three British 500 c.c. aces in a Continental race, and will repeat the performance several times before the summer is over.

Brassey Road, Bexhill. R. E. DAVIDSON

SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. Stanley Hughes' letter proves merely that our minds record only that which suits our particular viewpoint.

I also drive some 10,000 to 12,000 miles per annum, but having for several years cycled nearly as much, I tend perhaps to see rather more of the non-motorist point of view than I might otherwise have done. And against Mr. Hughes' list of offences committed by the cyclist and the pedestrian, I would place these which I have most commonly observed amongst my fellow motorists.

An increasing disregard of the 30 m.p.h. limit in restricted areas, an almost entire disregard of uncontrolled pedestrian crossings, lighting offences such as badly adjusted headlights, absence of rear-light and what is much more important, absence of off-side lamp, a tendency in this locality to disregard the hooter regulations after 11.30 p.m. and last but not least, a very considerable disregard of the HALT sign.

Three hundred yards from my house, the road crosses the Cambridge Arterial Road. I am not normally a betting man, but I wager that not one car in twenty stops at either of the HALT signs at this point. I have drawn the attention of the local superintendent of police to the matter, but nothing has been done. The truth is that all classes of road-users commit offences and indiscretions. The motorist, being in charge of an instrument so much more capable of causing death and injury, is the more guilty in his disregard of regulations imposed in the common interest. F. A. BLACK

108 Downhills Park Road,
West Green, N.17.

NATIONAL SERVICE

SIR,—The advocates of "National Service" are intensifying their campaign for National Registration, and hardly a word of protest is to be seen. A variety of more or less specious arguments is being used to persuade the Government to take this first step towards Conscription; for we may be sure that once the Register is compiled, its instigators will not be satisfied with anything less than full peace-time military and industrial Conscription. A few years ago people were saying that there would never be another war because too many would refuse to fight. Now war-mongering on the one hand and apathy on the other have done their work, and one hears it declared openly that in the next war there will be no war-resisters. Those who believe this are very much mistaken; the horror of war is still there, and when the time comes, as before, thousands will refuse for conscience' sake to do murder for any cause. One of the lessons of the last war was that there are always many whom nothing can intimidate into doing violence to their most fundamental religious or moral convictions. But in the meantime the present movement towards conscription and suppression of liberty is being encouraged by the lack of open protest. If we are to be jockeyed into national registration and then conscription, we must at least insist, while the nation's mind is not yet inflamed by the actual existence of war, that proper and civilised legal provision be made for conscientious objectors, so that the scandals of their treatment during the last war shall not be repeated. Otherwise our beliefs in liberty and democracy go for nothing in a crisis. K. J.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION

SIR,—There are many rumours about plots and shootings in the Soviet Union, but because they emanate from sources hostile to Socialism and Co-operation, seekers after the truth need to be on their guard.

It is said that "seeing is believing." Why not therefore join a party of British Co-operators visiting the Soviet Union on July 30th at the invitation of Centrosoyus, the Co-operative Union and Wholesale Society of the U.S.S.R. For £23, a tour of 22 days is being arranged by the Education Department of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd. Write for full particulars to Alderman Joseph Reeves, Co-operative Institute, Parson's Hill, Woolwich, S.E.18. JAS. REEVES

Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Secretary.
Co-operative Institute, Parsons Hill, Woolwich, S.E.18.

HARDY'S NOVELS

SIR,—I was interested in your reviewer's observation that the younger generation do not read Hardy. A similar remark was made in passing in, I think, Somerset Maugham's *Summing Up*. But I wonder if it's true. As an uneducated medical student moving in similar company, I should think that *Tess* is quite as familiar to my contemporaries as *Pride and Prejudice*. I have certainly read six of Hardy's novels—I re-read *Far From the Madding Crowd* only a few weeks ago with considerable enjoyment. But perhaps your reviewer was referring to the educated younger generation—so let me hasten to sign myself, hopefully,

MATHETES

Miscellany

GERMAN ARTISTS

IN Nazi Germany Rembrandt, Grüneward and Van Gogh, three of the most remarkable Northern painters, have been officially denounced, as well as almost every contemporary painter who has any reputation. One is reminded of the German Emperor, who, according to "le Prince Von" in Proust, possessed an unerring eye for good pictures: he had only to see one to detest it. And because Hitler has condemned works as degenerate, one is tempted to acclaim them with enthusiasm.

But it is the critic's first duty, I take it, to resist such temptations. A painter may be a model husband, a passionate anti-Fascist or even the best left-handed bowler in England, but the critic is concerned with these virtues only in so far as they may have affected, for better or for worse, his pictures. That artists should be forbidden to exhibit (and even to paint for their private pleasure) because their works are not to the taste of politicians, civil servants and generals, is a disgusting and, I think, almost unprecedented event. (Veronese was twice "gravely reprimanded" by the Inquisition—one sin was making an Apostle pick his teeth with a fork—but this does not seem to have cramped his style.) There would probably have been no European art worth looking at if Totalitarian principles had been applied in the past. Giotto, Masaccio, Giorgione, Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Poussin and Ingres were no less original in their methods and outlook than Cézanne and the Post-Impressionists. And what politicians detest in Art—be they Herr Goebbels or the Post Office officials of whom Mr. Clive Bell wrote last week—is originality. But it is still unnecessary in England to emphasise the supreme importance to an artist of freedom. No intelligent person will be found to deny it.

I must now state that in so far as the German Exhibition at the New Burlington Gallery is propaganda, it is, in my opinion, extremely bad propaganda. People who go to see the Exhibition are only too likely to say: "If Hitler doesn't like these pictures, it's the best thing I've heard about Hitler." For the general impression made by the Show upon the ordinary public must be one of extraordinary ugliness. And the instructed visitor, who has learnt to appreciate contemporary painting of the least easily approachable order, is highly likely to agree on this point with the ordinary public. These German painters in their passionate pursuit of expressiveness at any cost, use the utmost violence of colour and design. Emphasis is all. And the result is a combination of coarseness and hysteria, two of the chief qualities that make the Nazi régime so detestable. The faults of modern German art are often blamed upon the Jews, who are alleged to have a taste for exaggeration. But I defy anyone to distinguish the "non-Aryan" from the "Aryan" works in this exhibition.

The truth is, I think, that Jewish artists acquire spontaneously the qualities of the people among whom they work. Pissarro, for instance, combines realism with logic, and Modigliani elegance with expressiveness: it would be impossible to be more characteristically French than one of these Jews, or more characteristically Italian than the other. And the qualities exhibited by these painters in the German Show that happen to be Jews are all too specifically Germanic. Liebermann is an exception: he is a provincial follower of the French Impressionists, more competent but less sensitive than MacTaggart, more vigorous but less imaginative than Wilson Steer.

The two artists I like best in the Exhibition are Lehmbruck and Paul Klee. Why Lehmbruck should have incurred official disapproval I cannot imagine. He was not a Jew; he has been dead for a long while (and therefore we can presumably exclude the personal reasons for which a number of artists have been either condemned or acclaimed); his works are unlikely to alarm or mystify even the most ignorant; he is not tainted even with the debased influence of the Italian Renaissance or the French Nineteenth Century. He is a Gothic artist, the best and most authentic of modern Gothic artists. His sculpture may not be very profound, but it is most graceful and delightful, and his drawings are much the best, I think, in this Exhibition. He is not indeed "heroic," but neither is Cranach, whom I take to be the most satisfying painter Germany has ever produced. (Perhaps he will be the next to be put on the spot.) Then there is Klee: he, again, is not a Jew (I am told that his mother was French, which, no doubt, is almost as bad); but his work is bizarre, enigmatic and disquieting, and that is reason enough for the Nazi ban. His delicate colour and refined texture shine in this show like the little candle in Portia's hall.

Two other painters I found most interesting were Paula Modersohn Becker and Otto Meyer-Amden. The former died at the age of thirty in 1907: her pictures are well put together and the feeling is unforced. She was a born painter, with great originality and sensibility. Meyer-Amden was a Swiss, influenced, one may guess, by Odilon Redon; his work may be described as "mystical," but it is decorative and charming. Then there is Kolbe, a sculptor, who, in spite of his seriousness and aesthetic integrity, has not yet been placed on the black list. Unluckily here there is by him only one head.

The other painters include Corinth, Slevogt, Marc, Hofer, Heckel, Kokoschka, Kandinsky, Grosz, Nolde, Pechstein and Beckmann. I have looked at hundreds of their works in German museums and private collections, without learning to enjoy them. It would be ridiculous to deny the great accomplishment, in their respective styles, of Corinth and Kokoschka. Grosz is a brilliant and savage caricaturist. Most of these paintings are full of sound and fury, but aesthetically they seem to signify little. (The best singer is not the one with the loudest voice.) They seek to surprise and shock the spectator into acquiescence, but their attack is ill-directed, and the longer you look at them, the less impressive they appear. One might suppose that the violence so conspicuous in the Exhibition was the bitter fruit of the distresses of war and post-war conditions in Germany. But most of the painters represented found their style before the War, and there are few works by men born in the twentieth century. Compare the pictures with those of the French *Fauves*, who were painting with equal vehemence during much the same period, and you see the difference between an explosion and a bombardment.

In his introduction to a new Pelican Special on Modern German Art, Mr. Herbert Read has suggested that the blindness of most English amateurs of painting to the merits of German painting is due to a too exclusive preoccupation with the Latin tradition. I think that this view is quite mistaken. English critics during the last thirty years have been influenced in their taste not only by the traditional masters from Giotto to Goya and by the French Nineteenth Century, but, most conspicuously, by primitive and archaic art in every country from China to Peru (not excluding Scythia and the Congo), by Persian art, by Byzantine art, by Indian and by Indo-Chinese art. And the more we have looked at the innumerable forms of visual expression developed all over the world, the less enthusiasm we have felt, many of us, for German painting. I have no explanation to offer for the inadequacy of German painting, any more than I have for the inadequacy, during the last two hundred years, of English music. Except for their Gothic architecture in brick, and their charming Rococo, I think the Germans have never been rich in the visual arts. And in a painter such as Max Beckmann, who is inexplicably starred at this Exhibition, German painting seems to me to reach its nadir: not even in the Royal Academy could one discover works at once so empty and so vulgar. And it is perhaps not irrelevant to add, since Hitler has called these painters "Bolshevistic," that most of them paint in styles that, whether good or bad, would command in Moscow little more admiration than they do in Berlin. But those of us who cannot, with the best will in the world, find much here to admire or to enjoy, can at least subscribe most vehemently to the creed laid down in the catalogue:

> Art, as an expression of the human spirit in all its mutations, is only great in so far as it is free. Art has its disciplines, but these originate in the mind of the artist, and cannot be imposed by the indoctrinated will of a statesman, however wise.

In a State that neglects this principle, Art cannot continue as a vital activity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE LUNG-HAI RAILWAY IN WAR-TIME

THE Lung-Hai Railway was built by the Belgians and runs east and west through the wheat-growing districts immediately south of the Yellow River, from Pa Chi, about one hundred miles west of Sian, to Hsiuchiou. Beyond Hsiuchiou, the track has been torn up, to check a possible Japanese advance. At Chongchow, in Honan, the Lung-Hai links up with the Pin-Han line to Hankow. These two lines form the only artery for moving troops along the Yellow River front, and for carrying eastward such war material as may enter China from Russia, via Chinese Turkestan. The Japanese have repeatedly bombed and shelled it, but, so far, traffic has never been seriously dislocated.

We made several journeys along this line. Here is one of them:

Wednesday. The sky is cloudless and the midday sun very hot, although it is only the end of March, as the westbound "express" steams into Chongchow. Chongchow station has suffered more than most from air-raids. The waiting-room is in ruins. In the street outside, all that is left of the Hotel of Flowery Peace is a mass of bricks and one tottering wall. The streets are quiet, because business is only carried on at night.

Our Belgian locomotive has been camouflaged with daubs of mud; the roofs of the third-class carriages are black with refugee passengers. On every journey, we are told, two or three fall off and are killed. Hardly have we got into our compartment, when the air-raid warning sounds, and we have to hurry to the station dug-out, while the train pulls out to hide somewhere in the country. The station dug-outs are roomy concrete structures: many of them were built as long as two years ago, when the Chinese began to realise that war was sooner or later inevitable. This particular air-raid is a false alarm, so we start—only an hour late. A last-moment rush of refugees for the already over-crowded train-roofs is beaten off by station officials with sticks. The victims merely laugh: their padded coats are so thick that the blows raise only a cloud of dust and lice.

To-day we are in luck. The train stops only a few minutes at each station. (On an earlier journey, we once waited six hours at a place called Democracy: a young officer got so bored that he began firing at the rooks with his revolver, and was severely reprimanded in the waiting-room.)

We are passing through the looss region: precipitous sand-canyons, cave-dwellings, fantastic sand-pinnacles resembling Lot's wife. Often, the canyons are artificially terraced for wheat-growing: from the distance the hills look like some old Babylonish city.

There is no dining-car. Meals are cooked in a box-car: the boys bring us hot face-towels and endless cups of weak tea. They tell us that, barring accidents, we shall be in Sianfu to-morrow morning, if the train can get to Lo Yang by dusk; for the section between Lo Yang and Tungwan can only be travelled in the dark. Here the line runs close beside the Yellow River; and the Japanese are on the north bank with their guns sighted on the track.

Towards evening the hills flatten down into a broad fertile valley of orchards and green wheat. It is six o'clock and we are already running into Lo Yang. A soldier leans out of a troop-train and lays two fingers side by side: "England and China," he shouts, "together. Italy and Japan, together too."

Thursday. Something has gone wrong. We wake up to find ourselves in a small station, halfway between Sian and Lo Yang. There has been an accident farther down the line. Nobody knows the details, or how long we shall have to wait. The train moves out of the station for safety and stops in a ravine between two tunnels. Within half an hour, a complete market-town has sprung up around us: peasants sell cigarettes, tea and all sorts of food—boiled chickens varnished red with soya bean, sausage-shaped waffles, hard-boiled eggs. Child beggars gather under the windows, intoning a litany of want and staring at the foreign devils through swollen, trachema-infected lids. Most of the passengers clamber down and sit about chatting, or go to sleep on the shady side of the line. The engine-driver produces some straw and makes a bed for himself under his engine, where he lies reading a book.

Friday. We have moved during the night, but only one station. As we have found several bed-bugs we decide to have a real spring-clean of the carriage. While the car-boys are washing the windows, we take out all our bedding, beat it with walking-sticks, and hang it up on the station fence in the sun. The idea catches on, and soon the station is festooned with clothing. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, we feel sure, would have approved.

By now the car-boys are very friendly: they bring along a gramophone and some records of Chinese singing, which sound startlingly like Donald Duck. We have begun Chinese lessons, which are followed by a delighted crowd on the platform. One of the boys produces, but cannot play, a flute.

Saturday. Again, we have scarcely moved at all during the night. We get a lift on the breakdown train to see the accident. On the edge of a steep embankment, two hundred feet above the Yellow River, we find an engine lying on its side amidst torn-up track. Half-way down the slope is a splintered carriage. A wheel came off a truck, derailing the whole train: nine people were killed, fifteen seriously injured. But a new track has now been built, skirting the wreck, and we shall leave this evening.

Fuel has run out, the meat is high and there is no sugar, only some sticks of what tastes like Edinburgh rock; but a bottle of whisky has appeared, unearthed from the box-car like a gift from a better world. All the lights on the train are put out, as we move off for our last rabbit-dash past the Japanese guns. The train gathers speed, roaring through tunnels and deep cuttings, swaying precariously over high bridges. The carriage is filled with sulphur and smuts. Suddenly we come out of a tunnel and see the Yellow River below us and, across the river, brilliant and isolated in the huge dark countryside, like some pretentious roadhouse, the Japanese searchlights. But there is no shot. We plunge into another tunnel, and soon we are passing at high speed through the derelict sidings of Tungwan station, where no train ever stops now. We are clear. Passengers begin to talk and light candles. To-morrow morning, we shall breakfast in Sianfu.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

THE MOVIES

"Yellow Jack," lately at the Empire
"Thirteen," at the Forum
"Four Men and a Prayer," at the Regal
"Trouble in Paradise" and "Monkey Business," at the Carlton

Faute de mieux, revivals flourish; and the combination of early Marx and early Lubitsch drew me to the Carlton. *Monkey Business* (it is the one on the ship, with Harpo in the Punch and Judy show) remains exceedingly funny, but it was sad to discover how quickly the Lubitschian lustre can tarnish. Apart from a few brilliant sequences, *Trouble in Paradise* seemed over-mannered and slow. Of the few new films one has already left the Empire, but it deserves attention and is worth watching for.

So long as it sticks to its business, *Yellow Jack* is an enthralling narrative of human courage. It shows soldiers in Cuba, after the Spanish-American war of 1898, dying like flies from the deadly scourge of yellow fever; it follows, with a minimum of departure from fact, the efforts of medical science to discover the germ and its carrying agency. One theory says bananas, another the Gulf Stream; an eccentric old Cuban, Dr. Carlos Finlay, had hit upon the truth nineteen years before, since when he had been regarded as a crank. The culprit, in his view, is a mosquito named stegomyia; and the baffling incidence of the disease suggests that there may be something in his theory. To test it, volunteers are called for, and, after an awkward interval, five men appear. Three of them are locked for twenty days in a filthy, pest-ridden, stove-heated hut, wear nightshirts that men have died in, lie upon mattresses soaked with fever. The other hut is antiseptically clean: of its two inhabitants one has been bitten before entry by an infected stegomyia, the function of the other being to prove contagion impossible. Everything works according to plan; only the mosquito-bitten soldier develops fever, and, as the doctors are ready for him, he does not die; his companion escapes, but in order to prove that he is not naturally immune, he too must allow himself to be bitten. All this is sober fact, merely the most heroic episode in a heroic story, and it was an excellent thought of the producer to throw upon the screen at the end the real names of the volunteers. For its greater part the film is worthy of the subject; the dialogue is good, the doctors are convincing, and a notable performance is given by the mosquito herself, whose high, malevolent *tzing* has been caught by the sound track with extraordinary accuracy. But there is a drawback; the admirable fly is embedded in some sticky ointment, namely a conventional love affair between Robert Montgomery as chief volunteer and Virginia Bruce as a daffodil-haired nurse as impeccably plucked and lashed as Hollywood, defying period and locale, can make her. Montgomery is developing a shy little talent for Irish Players comedy which will come in handy another time. But I am sick to death of the cracked falsetto humours of Andy Devine.

Heroism without heroics is also the mark of *Thirteen*. This is the best Russian film to reach us for some time. It is the story of an incident which occurred in Central Asia a few years ago. Ten Red Army troopers, together with their commander, his wife, and an old geologist, are making their way across the desert when they are trapped by bandits. They hold out desperately while one of their number rides in search of reinforcements; when the reinforcements arrive only one of the twelve is left. The beauty of this film lies in its absolute simplicity, its clean direction, and its easy unself-conscious acting. Propaganda is wholely absent unless the vivid charm of the individual soldiers is to be counted as propaganda. Comrade Timoshkin, that round-faced, sly, good-natured braggart, is a figure that we shall long remember.

Four Men and a Prayer is one of those films in which a group of people (in this case four brothers) vow to track down an unknown criminal, and chase him over five continents. When the couple at Buenos Aires receive some news on the

long-distance telephone from the other couple in Central India, the question, "What do we do now?" is immediately answered by "We pack for Alexandria at once." The audience feels duly exhilarated by this titanic disregard for travelling expenses. The film is directed by John Ford, who has found time for some sinister and impressive shots of a South American revolt. Furthermore, it contains Richard Greene, a young star who is hailed as "the sensational new discovery." All but pedants admit that one of the functions of the screen is to introduce us to people more glamorous and handsome than most of our friends; and, as far as I can see, it is only in this sense that Mr. Greene can be regarded as a discovery. Then there is Loretta Young, pouting prettily just around the corner, always finding time for a hug from Mr. Greene, no matter how close danger may loom. Last and best, there is the tremendous spectacle of C. Aubrey Smith, unthinkably cashiered from the Indian Army, arriving home to a monumentally Gothic country-house, and greeted by his white-haired butler and four stalwart lads, who line up, answer their names, and salute: "Beano!" "Here, Sir." "Bosun!" "Here, Sir." . . . And then they all have a misty look at mother's picture over the fireplace. This scene alone is well worth your money. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, at Drury Lane

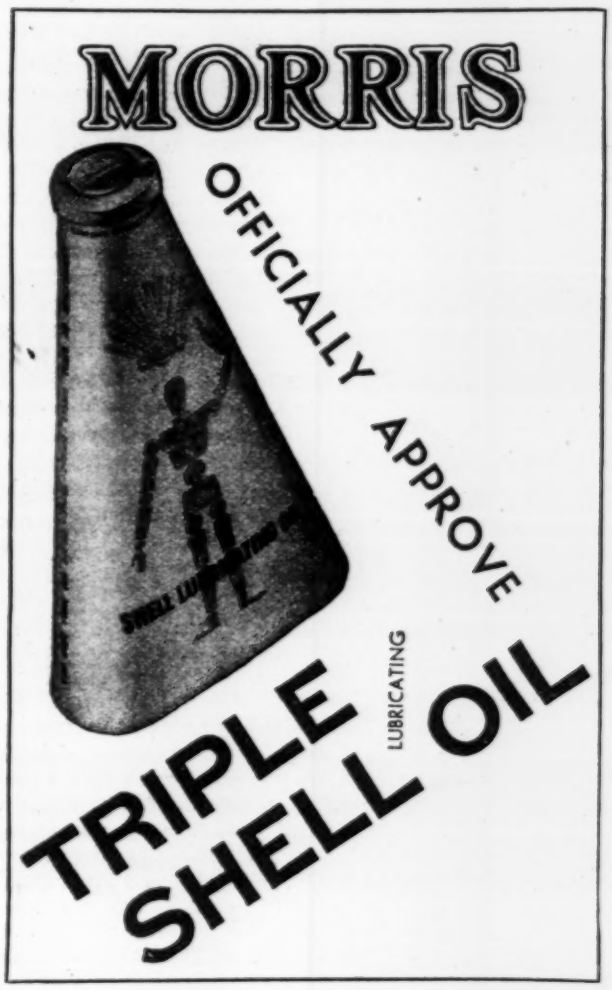
A lively scenario for a ballet might be made from the rivalry among the epigoni of Diaghileff, with *premières danseuses*, business-managers, wardrobe-mistresses and even critics pirouetting in elegant antagonism. Massine is not only unequalled by anyone living as a dancer and a choreographer, but possesses much of the aesthetic acumen that distinguished Diaghileff; and the company with which he is associated has made a most promising start at Drury Lane. *Sylphides* was very well danced, with Toumanova in better form than ever (though she is not physically well suited to this ballet), and two new dancers, the exquisitely lovely Theilade and the admirably muscular Youskevitch. The *corps de ballet* is excellent. Beethoven's Seventh is the latest and most audacious of Massine's "Symphonic Ballets." The Rue de Matignon *chic* of the clothes seemed desperately inappropriate both to the noble music and to the subject of the Creation, and a comic serpent was most unacceptable. But the designs for the other movements, especially the second, were extraordinarily beautiful—and, one should add, notably well executed. Massine's choreography, inventive, expressive and often beautiful, inevitably fell far short of the grandeur of the music—one would have enjoyed the ballet twice as much if the music had been only half as good. (*Présages* remains the only symphonic ballet in which music and movement make a happy marriage.) Moreover, the increasingly elaborate piling up of bodies upon bodies, by means of which Massine seeks to construct horizontal and diagonal forms, often puts the spectator ill at ease by the apparent precariousness of this human architecture. Markova and a new male dancer, Franklin, gave good performances. In *Le Beau Danube*, with charming new costumes by Comte Etienne de Beaumont, it was grand to see Massine himself dancing: his style puts him in a class apart, and those of us who sometimes fear our taste for Ballet is declining are reassured. The painful truth is that the other dancers we now see are not, despite their technical accomplishment, the equals of the best of Diaghileff's, and we still lack a new Karsavina, a new Lopokova, or a new Sokolova. The orchestra under Efrem Kurtz played in a fashion hardly adequate for the occasion.

"Maritza" at the Palace Theatre

Maritza is what used to be called an extravaganza. There are magnificent costumes and castles, Princes and Barons galore, a proud and beautiful Countess and a handsome Count masquerading as her proletarian steward. There is even a trace of a plot, but the story is rapidly overwhelmed in a torrent of gipsy strumming and colour that makes the Magyar Plain like Epsom Downs a jubilee Derby Day. After a dullish start the evening goes with a swing. Of its kind the music is often excellent, and the Orchestre Raymonde swing it with verve and assurance. The lyrics (light operatic rather than scat) are not so good, and even the rich assurance of Mr. John Garrick as the disguised Count cannot put across such rhymes as "Galahad—Pal I had." So far as they were able to compete with the tumultuous gipsies, the cast made a creditable best of their rather banal script. Miss Mara Losseff as the Countess Maritza was as dignified and unobtrusive as the Hungarian monarchy, Miss Patricia Leonard was girlishly charming, and Mr. Shaun Glenville extracted the maximum humour from the part of a comedy capitalist. The best entertainment came from Mr. Douglas Byng, skilfully miscast as a haughtily exquisite Prince; and his primly British vulgarisms had the welcome familiarity of a commercial traveller at the court of the Shah of Persia. But *Maritza* sets out to be a Tzigane Cabaret rather than a musical comedy, and the unnamed chorus are the real stars of the show. It depends on whether or not you prefer old-fashioned glamour to slickness and originality.

England's Pleasant Land at Milton Court, Dorking

Mr. E. M. Forster has dedicated his new open-air play to the rescue of one of the most ill-treated, congested and yet still lovely counties in England, Surrey. The district in particular concern is Dorking and Leith Hill. The District Preservation Society, with every kind of local help, and naturally no kind of governmental help whatsoever, presented the play themselves, last Saturday, in the grounds of Milton Court, Westcott, Surrey. (It will be repeated on Saturday, 16th July.) Mr. Vaughan Williams has arranged an admirable musical accompaniment, which is played by a military band and relayed by loud speakers, and Mr. Tom Harrison was the producer. Milton Court is itself for sale, and the pageant symbolised the life-history of a Manor, its Family and the People who lived near it, from Domesday till to-day. But before describing the pageant, one must speak of the stage, because it was the use of what seemed a small countryside that has made the whole enterprise into something most extraordinary. The audience, with the sun behind them, sit in a field which slopes gradually down to disappear in a small, deep valley. On the far side, the lawns of Milton Court climb steeply up to end in a vast bowl of trees. Thus the valley divides foreground from background, and the players, with their horses, dogs and cows, enter the scene from behind the trees at its either end. The play's action is expounded at intervals by the Recorder (Mr. Grantham) whose imposing approach, in the habit of a monk, was made on each occasion from a considerable distance. The Prologue, which was a little slow, showed the settling of the



land by the Normans, who entered on horseback. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were next reviewed: first the enclosure of the land, and the consequent riots, and second, the death duties, with the breaking up of the land, and its acquisition by those with no thought but profit. Of the actors, Mr. Funnell, who represented The Law in the shape of "Mr. Bumble," was perhaps the best. It was he who bullied the villagers, and quietened the Squire's conscience after each act of unwisdom. But what one remembers are the crowd scenes. The carriage winding up the far lawns, over the villagers' heads, during the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century soldiers shooting the ruined peasants. The dazzling Edwardian garden party, forty strong, advancing to the tune of "The Belle of New York." And, best of all, the arrival of horrible Jerry the Builder in a white motoring coat, roaring Mr. Forster's song:

So cut the trees down and clear the site,
Bungle the bungalows left and right,
Pile the pylons as high as you can,
I'm a practical business man!
It doesn't matter what they look like,
It doesn't matter where they stand.
RIPE, RIPE, RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT IN ENGLAND'S PLEASANT LAND.

Simultaneously, hundreds of yards away across the valley, huge hideous advertisements slide out of the trees, and, in the foreground, processions of bungalows, each propelled by two or three invisible people, crawl slowly towards one. It is a triumph that Reinhardt might envy—in fact he often does not do nearly so well. If Mr. Forster and Mr. Harrison received the official subsidies that almost any other country would be charmed to offer them, they might turn the scales in favour of saving the countryside of England. Meanwhile, go and see it if you can.

Robin Darwin at Agnew's
Katharine Church at the Lefevre

The Darwins provide probably the richest available evidence for the inheritance of unusual ability, which in Mr. Robin Darwin takes the form of a dazzling gift for painting. How enviable his natural swing, and he never seems to get into difficulties. But that is not quite so creditable as it sounds: the fact is that when there is a nasty bunker ahead, he almost always plays short of it. He has looked, evidently, at a great many good pictures, and instead of working out a problem for himself, is too ready to adopt, with great agility, some other painter's solution. His pictures are always elegant and skilful, but they are often facile. They always look as if they had been painted *prestissimo*, and the result sometimes is a delightful spontaneity. The danger of being too gifted is one that most of us do not have to face; if only Mr. Darwin could be more slower, more ambitious and more severe with himself, his paintings might become more permanent without being less attractive.

Miss Katharine Church lacks Mr. Darwin's diabolical cleverness and her slapdashness is therefore more quickly apparent. The value now generally attributed to the appearance of spontaneity is certainly a danger in young painters, who cannot bear to be seen working things patiently out. Miss Church has a very good sense of colour, nice clean paint, and decision in attack. Her rectangular brush-strokes are often too summary to define the forms that they suggest, but she succeeds in communicating her own fresh vision of the external world. Her water-colours are particularly attractive. The Lefevre Gallery is to be congratulated on giving so promising a painter her first exhibition.

Fred Uhlmann at the Zwemmer Gallery
Ferdinand Springer and Wilmer Hoffmann at the Delius Giese Gallery, 2 Bennet Street

Uhlmann is one of the few younger painters in the Modern German Art Exhibition, and has none of the self-assertiveness so noticeable in the older generation. He is a skilful and tasteful painter whose street-scenes have a pleasantly literary quality. They suggest the nature of the inhabitants' lives, without falling into mere illustration, and his cemetery scenes have something fanciful and Hoffmannesque. Ferdinand Springer, another young German, is extraordinarily gifted. He draws beautifully in the style of the late Renaissance Masters, and his paintings also show Italian influence. His colour is individual and interesting, and he would certainly be capable of designing admirable *decors* for plays or ballets. The work of these two painters suggests that among the younger German artists living abroad there is a healthy reaction against the over-emphatic methods of their elders. Wilmer Hoffmann is a sculptor whose talent it is difficult to judge from the rather scrappy works collected at the Delius Giese Gallery. He is, at least, a serious and unpretentious artist, working on sound lines.

Children's Drawings, at the County Hall, S.E.1
Paintings by Boys, at St. Paul's School

It is most appropriate that the Director of the National Gallery should have opened the Exhibition of Children's Drawings at the County Hall, for the reorganisation of art-teaching in the L.C.C. schools is a public benefit of inestimable value. Miss Marion Richardson deserves to be Damed forthwith: she and her collaborators have succeeded in what might seem the impossible task of training elementary school teachers, with no previous knowledge of painting, to teach children to make the most delightful designs. Over five hundred children have contributed to this show, including boys and girls from senior, central, secondary, private and public schools as well as infant and junior schools. The results are as remarkable as we have come to expect: the certainty of attack shown by these infants is extraordinary, the delight they have taken in their work is infectious, and the experienced artist must envy the innocent vision possessed by children many of whom live in slums and rarely if ever see any picture except the posters on the hoardings. The psychological value to them of letting their imagination carry them into other worlds cannot be exaggerated. The exhibition is remarkably well arranged, and shows the development of individual children and specimens of the work of whole classes, as well as picked examples of the best pictures. An amusing and devastating indictment of the older methods of art-teaching (which still continue even in some London elementary schools) is achieved by showing a number of the horrible objects that they produce. Miss Richardson and Mr. E. N. Rich deserve the most enthusiastic congratulations.

A little belatedly, as one might perhaps expect, the public schools are beginning to follow the example of the elementary schools, and good art-teaching is no longer a monopoly of the poorer classes. The L.C.C. Show includes pictures from Charterhouse and Haileybury, and at St. Paul's School a classroom has had its walls and cupboards covered with pictures by the boys. The teaching is obviously excellent, for the art-master has not imposed his own taste, and the result is a riot of separate imaginations. A large mural painting executed communally is an interesting and highly successful experiment. It is gratifying to find such an enterprise flourishing in a school like St. Paul's, with traditions going back to Colet, and presumably the less historic foundations will soon follow suit. Intelligent art-teaching not only increases vastly the happiness and equilibrium of the young painters, but may be expected to effect a very important improvement in public taste.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 16th.
- Men of the Trees Summer School, Oxford. Till July 21. Particulars from 2 Jay Mews, Kensington Gore.
- "L'Enfant Prodigue" and the Garden Scene from "Faust," Vic-Wells Co., Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
- Pageant Play, "England's Pleasant Land," Milton Court, Dorking.
- Streatham Spain Week. Till July 23rd. Particulars of events from 394A High Road.

SUNDAY, July 17th.
- Prof. J. C. Flugel on "Are there Mental Differences between the Sexes?" Conway Hall, 11.
- Service of Commemoration for the victims of Fascist aggression, St. Clement's Church, Islington, 8.
- Opening of Tewkesbury Festival. Till July 23rd. Particulars from Appeal Office, Tewkesbury Abbey.
- Group Theatre Production of "The Human Voice," with Beatrix Lehmann; songs by Marianne Oswald. Westminster, 8.30.

MONDAY, July 18th.
- Dolmetsch Music Festival, Haslemere. Till July 30th.
- Exhibition of Children's Drawings, County Hall. Till July 23rd.
- Film: "Spanish Earth," address by Duchess of Atholl, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8.
- "Spring Tide," Embassy.
- "The Wood Demon," Chehov; Barn Theatre, Shere.

TUESDAY, July 19th.
- Rev. Luther W. Stalnaker on "Anglo-American Understanding," Friends House, 1.20.

THURSDAY, July 20th.
- "He Was Born Gay," Embassy.
- Ball in aid of National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, Overseas House, 9. Tickets 7s. 6d. from 4 Gt. Smith St.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE is always finding unexpected parallels in English history, but it had never occurred to me that there was an essential likeness between British foreign policy to-day and in the decade which preceded the sailing of the Armada. One difference is clear enough: in the reign of Elizabeth British seamen were sinking the ships of countries nominally at peace with them; to-day it is British sailors who are being killed and British ships sunk by the German and Italian pirates, whose service with Franco is as thin a pretence as was the English support of Don Antonio, the claimant to the throne of Portugal, in 1581. In his name the English fitted out expeditions to intercept the Plate Fleet, or to seize towns in the West Indies, just as to-day Germans and Italians are laying out aerodromes and submarine bases in the name of Franco but designed to shut us out of the Mediterranean. From this trifling difference a bombed English sea captain may pardonably imagine that English policy has changed a good deal since the days of Drake and Hawkins, and might even think that the historic roles were reversed. He would be wrong. For the situation facing Burghley and the Queen was very like that facing the present Cabinet, and it is even arguable that at both periods British foreign policy was dictated by necessity. The following passage in *The Age of Drake: Pioneer Histories*, by Dr. J. A. Williamson (Black, 15s.) might have been written to describe the present day:

> The difference of opinion was not between peace and war at England's choice, but rather between war postponed and war at once. The advocates of delay could argue . . . that the defences were inadequate and needed time for improvement; moreover the civil wars of the Continent were keeping occupied the hostile forces that would otherwise attack us, and therefore it would be foolish to take the initiative in ending that favourable position of affairs. The party of immediate action pointed to the ceaseless propaganda which they believed to be making headway in England, and denounced the folly and dishonour of allowing our natural allies the Continental Protestants to be overcome while we stood still; the end would be, they said, that England would fight without a friend against greatly strengthened enemies.

* * *

Dr. Williamson's *Age of Drake* is an important and learned book, full of new material and so fair that the author can afford to write as an Englishman without incurring any suspicion that he is putting only one side of a case. It is a cleverly planned, well-balanced book, since it combines a fairly detailed history of slave-dealing, piratical raids, colonisation, and the discovery of new countries with that of the European political background and popular state of mind in England which called out and applauded these events. There is an extremely interesting chapter on the reform of the British Navy and the violent personal intrigues which accompanied it which again sounds a bit like the present day.

> The curious position was that the Navy Board was moderately efficient and at the same time corrupt. The Queen's work was done, but it was done at an excessive cost.

The Elizabethan taxpayer was lucky to have Hawkins, who, after overcoming the old-fashioned sailors and the peculators, undertook the entire maintenance of the Navy and all its accessory services for £5,714 annually, providing a better fleet at a saving of 40 per cent., which could be spent on building the new ships of the Hawkins model: low galleons which could beat to wind and make rings round the floating castles manned by garrisons of soldiers which the Spaniards sent against us.

* * *

Hawkins appears first as an illicit slaver: infringing the rights claimed by the Portuguese in Africa to get his negroes, and the Spanish monopoly to sell them in a closed market. It was not for a time very difficult: the Portuguese did not effectively occupy Africa, and the Spanish colonists were eager to buy. A farcical show of force was usually arranged to save the face of the Spanish Governor with his home authorities. Dr. Williamson suggests that Hawkins would have been very willing to have struck a bargain with the Spaniards to protect Spanish trade from the depredations of the French privateers in return for being allowed a share of the market in the Caribbean. He was continually protesting his fidelity to Philip:

> The Queen's Majesty of England, my mistress, at my departure out of England, commanded me to have great care of, and to serve with my navy the King's Majesty of Spain, my old master, if in places where I came any of his stood in need.

These hopes were disappointed, by what is now called ideology. A permanent conspiracy of the Catholic Powers abroad and the English Catholics followed the excommunication of Elizabeth and the failure of the Ridolfi plot by which she was to have been assassinated and Mary Queen of Scots put on the English throne. The smooth-spoken Hawkins played his part in this, completely deceiving the Spanish Ambassador, who months after his expulsion from England went on assuring Philip that Hawkins would open the gates of England for them. Hawkins received in fact a Spanish order of nobility. The continual Catholic plots influenced the Queen very much as the stories of the Inquisition which tortured inoffending wine-merchants and confiscated their goods affected the common man. Very reluctantly Burghley and the Queen were being driven towards war, and towards the expense which preparations for war entail. Dr. Williamson is extremely sensible in his attitude to Elizabeth's trading ventures:

> The fact is the Queen was not a private individual and had no private fortune. In time of peace she made the ships of the Navy do something to earn their keep because their maintenance in idleness was a burden to the community. . . . The royal trading ventures were on the same footing as the royal parsimony which has been so freely denounced as though it were a demerit in a government to be sparing with its subjects' money.

* * *

We have become familiarised lately with the situation which ensued. While plots were being hatched and propaganda whipped up, peace was maintained, and often the captain who did best had to suffer a reprimand, or make himself scarce for a time, together with the treasure he had captured and would eventually share with his sovereign. While Hawkins was rebuilding the Navy, his subordinate Drake was employed to postpone actual war by raids on the Spaniards, though every delay made the day of reckoning more inevitable. Dr. Williamson brings out very clearly Drake's extraordinary brilliance as a leader—which was due to his complete indifference to the rules of war and his imagination.

> The Spaniards symbolised it in their saying that Drake had a magic mirror in which he could see fleets and armies moving hundreds of miles away.

Then came the Armada. Drake had urged a grand offensive on the coast of Spain with himself in command, and though he had to submit to Howard's leadership, the council of war—Howard and seven leading captains—except for one dissentient, also were for sailing for the Spanish coast. In the event the objector proved right, for the English fleet met headwinds and had to put back to Plymouth, and the Armada had all the disadvantage of fighting far from home. The seamanship of the Spaniards was good; the great fleet came sailing in light winds up the Channel maintaining a formation with the leading ships in line abreast, squadron following squadron keeping exactly to their appointed distances.

> We must picture the Armada as preserving its formation by sailing with bare steerage way under very reduced canvas . . . and the mariners at perpetual sail drill in order to check or increase speed according to the local variations of the wind's force.

For a week Hawkins' Navy raged round this disciplined force as wolves round the herd of bison: then came Calais and the fireships and the great gale roaring up the North Sea and scattering them among the farthest rocks and islands.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Joyful Delaneys. By HUGH WALPOLE. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Troubled House. By ROSAMOND JACOB. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Love, Here is My Hat. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Twenty-four Tales. By GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Joyful Delaneys is about a pedigreed, buoyant Irish family which clings, by means of nice, pedigreed tenants, to the fine, large, family house in Charles Street. Fred is the father; Meg, the mother; Kitty, the daughter, and Bullock, the son who makes a living by contributing to *Punch*. Caesar is the servant. Bullock falls in love with Lizzie, who, in turn, is the daughter of Captain Nicholas, a heavily built, ingratiating scamp about whom Sir Hugh Walpole has already written a book. Kitty falls in love with Alton, a sad youth that she discovers through admiring a Braque in a window (gets teased by Bullock). The Charles Street tenants are the young, pedigreed Pullets, the old, pedigreed Pakes, and a dishevelled, blunt, but fundamentally kind Communist poet, Munden (not Wystan, or Stephen, but Patrick). Apart from all this, there is a lodging house in Shepherd Market which is inhabited by dear, very old, pedigreed Claude Willoughby, and some spare, severe but dear, old pedigreed military men. Nearly everyone in the book has a water-colour of their old country place hanging over the half-empty grate, a few valuable trinkets, pluck, almost no money, an air of distinction, inability to get a job, and a polite but unsleeping determination never to leave Mayfair. How dear old Lord Ragadoon, with his silver buckles, saves them all in the end from having to leave it, shall remain shrouded. Lastly, there is Brocket, the devil landlord who tries to drive Willoughby mad, and has pale grey arms. Those familiar with the author's work (and who is not?) will suspect, rightly, that Brocket is the best of the bunch.

It is strangely hard to tell the truth about Sir Hugh's new novel. One has grown up with him, so to speak. One has blushed and stifled in the fancy-dress novels, and one has blanched a little in the grisly ones, for which he has an extraordinary and neglected talent. Here, he has written a defence of gentlemanly cheerfulness in the face of falling dividends; added some far too rosy, but charming and detailed studies of Shepherd Market, and called it a novel. What's to be done? Alton's father is Lizzie's father over again, and both of them are Caesar's mother. Heavily built, ingratiating scamps, and spare, elderly, retired officers sit staring at one, nervously, in the corner of every page. Everybody is everybody else. Meg, the mother, who is intended to represent the instinctive powers of the heart, does indeed stand aside. So does Brocket, and so does Willoughby's horror of him, but the author succeeds just enough with these to transform the rest into understudies or supernumeraries.

Perhaps Sir Hugh knew all the time that he wanted to write about antiques rather than people. He is certainly very apprehensive. At one point he makes a character attack Gide for talking about his novels as he writes them, and then he himself includes several passages like the following: he has just twitted an imaginary "clever young" novelist for describing a consumptive whose scrofulous mother "alternately smacked and petted him."

> Now if, instead of this, there had been a description of Meg picking up a child and giving it sixpence, Meg a lady, happy, contented and handsome, *how* unreal the book would appear! How scornful the brilliant young man was of happiness! No one was happy in his book, not a single soul. No one was physically clean. But wasn't, even in these days, one part of life as true as another? There *were* people who used soap and water, there *were* families happy and devoted, there *was* beauty to be found . . .

Well, I suppose Sir Hugh is unable to see that what he has done in *The Joyful Delaneys* is just as bad, being merely its opposite, as what he dislikes about the "clever young" novelist. To write a novel is *to put it down*, not *to take sides*. The book, however, can't be left without suggesting that it may be quite a suitable one to send to friends or relations who live at great distances from here. There is a pleasantly idealised London in it, and there is Brocket. The only proviso should be that they must not want what Meg wants:

> . . . I can't read modern novels. If they're intelligent they're about the nastiest people and take the gloomiest view of everything. If they're about nice people and end well, they're stupid. What I want is an *intelligent* happy novel.

Miss Rosamond Jacob is an historian, and has acted as European delegate for the Irish Section of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom. These things are worth mentioning because they lend a certain authority to one startling aspect of her novel. It is a modern historical novel about the war in Dublin in 1920–21. Mrs. Cullen, who relates the book in the first person, returns from Australia to find that her son, Liam, has been thrown out of the house by his father for serving with the I.R.A. The eldest son, Theo, is a painter and a pacifist, and the youngest, Roddy, is secretly Liam's messenger. The mother sides with Liam, and after the torture and imprisonment of Theo, the whole family unite against their father and the British. *The Troubled House* is reasonably and naturally, rather than well, written. Its similarity to a family journal is both to its advantage and disadvantage. To those uninterested in the theme, it will appear amateurish, pedestrian, even a trace dull; for the rest, it will have an unfamiliar and exceptionally authentic excitement. Mrs. Cullen's character, with her loyalties unhappily divided, is excellently expressed, and so are the repercussions of disguises, raids and illness on Liam and Theo. One feels of them as coping with the savageries and, often, absurdities of civil war as ordinary people would; not too much courage, cowardice, or consistency. Most readers, however, will find the core of the book in the behaviour of the British. This is already being labelled an anti-English work. It is not so much that, as an answer to those persons who suppose that the English cannot manufacture, if necessary, the very toughest quality Blackshirts and Brownshirts. They even had the same name.

Mr. Saroyan's new book not only proves again that he is one of the most fascinating and original short story writers alive, but also that he is turning out to be a serious artist; not yet, as it happens, is he taken seriously enough. This is because the critics see slightness in him where they should see, for the present, shortness. His trouble, still, is due to a certain quantity of fuss and tricks, but even these are far better than most people's. He seems able to play with new techniques, and amusing, legible ones, as fast as others can play with punctuation. This would be all to the good had he nothing very much to say, like Damon Runyon. Since he has, he is sometimes too fluently staccato, and sometimes too taut, harsh, and charged, and, consequently, baffling. There is only one way, after all, for one person to write at one period—not one style, but one *way*—and he has found his way. It is the way in which many of these stories are written, and he had better put all he has into it. An example is "A Family of Three," of which the first part is one of the most brilliant interpretations of a child first listening to words that can be imagined. In the magnificent "Am I Your World?" Saroyan takes as material something which, mad as it may seem, is hardly ever profoundly treated—popular songs. It is a story about the beauty of the inevitable and of the memory, and exceedingly strange. One might end by saying that not a single story is bad, and by quoting from the less grave "Ever Fall in Love with a Midget?" A tipsy old liar is describing how he got out of a hotel in spite of a six-foot man with an iron claw:

> That's bad on the nerves. Kicked him in the mouth when he swung for my head with the claw. Would have lost an eye except for quick thinking. Rolled into the gutter and pulled a gun. Fired seven times, but I was back upstairs. Left the place an hour later, dressed in silk and feathers, with a hat swung round over my face. Saw him standing on the corner, waiting. Said, Care for a wiggle? Said he didn't. Went on down the street, left Town.

For me, Mr. Bullett's collected short stories are, with few exceptions, a little too literary, too leisured and fanciful. The book, as a whole, is like a meal at which one receives delicious little fragments of meat and fish at immense intervals—intervals which are occupied with sweet after sweet after sweet. Many readers, nevertheless, will like them, and one cannot help wishing them the success that every careful and sincere writer deserves. The portraits of children (oddly Edwardian children), and of the old, are best. "The Lamb Yard," and "The Baker's Cart" are both of them delicate and penetrating studies of the very young. "Wax," about an old man who is saved from the lunatic asylum by the ears, is perhaps the most commendable of all: it is compact, and dramatically alert from first to last. Among others, "The Cornelian Ring," in which a silly young man makes love to a housemaid, has an adroit irony. "The Puritan," also in Mr. Bullett's less sugared manner, is an incisive, curiously "Yellow Book" sketch of a prig, and puts one in mind of such writers as Crackanthorpe. Lastly, I fear, are little china shepherdesses who come alive, and pubs where you turn round to find that God has come in. When God came in at the window, this reviewer flew out at the door.

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CAPITALIST JUSTICE

Justice in England. By A BARRISTER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

It is very difficult to decide what the average Briton thinks of our judicial system. Beyond question the upper and middle classes regard it as the best in the world, except on those comparatively rare occasions when they happen to fall foul of it. They will then excitedly denounce its dilatoriness and its cost; but even in the moments of extreme irritation it will seldom occur to them to stigmatise it as unjust. Their automatic eulogies are probably inspired by comparisons. Here, at least, we discover none of that cynical graft which periodically causes scandals in America. Here, at least, we are fair to the accused—we do not regard him as a criminal until his innocence emerges, as they do in France. The English prisoner is nominally considered innocent until his guilt is proved. On many charges the verdict is entrusted to twelve good men and true; and at the very worst English justice can never be bribed. The artisan attitude towards English justice is profoundly different. The happy-go-lucky working man fears the law at all times. He never expects it to be on his side, or to come to his rescue in ordinary difficulties; but he probably cherishes reasonable expectations of a square deal from it, unless or until some sad experience teaches him otherwise. The politically conscious artisan undoubtedly regards the law as the more or less automatic ally of anybody who seeks to exploit him, though he would acquit it of the cynicism which normally arrays American law on the side of the bosses. On the whole it may be true to say that most Britons, irrespective of their social status, consider that our legal system, whilst far from perfect, is probably the best in the world; and that if they conceive sudden and unpleasant misgivings when at last they fall foul of the system, they are still inclined to think it will pass muster in an imperfect world.

This brilliant and disturbing book (chosen as the Left Club Book for July) riddles the whole system with unanswerable criticisms, without endeavouring to be at all constructive. The absence of constructive suggestions is more than pardonable, since the anonymous author does not believe that justice is possible in any capitalist state. He does not accuse the administrators of corruption, of dishonesty, or even of intentional unfairness. The main onus of his indictment is that the system is a class system, and, since it is operated by one class, the middle class, and that a minority, it is by its very nature incapable of being fair to the nation which contains the minority. He pictures a "blind middle-class mass, driven inexorably by the forces of the social system and class-structure which their ancestors allowed to grow up, and which favours them temporarily, even whilst it is preparing to tip them all into the abyss. They are no more to be blamed than the scientists, brewers, doctors, armament manufacturers, parsons, slum landlords, colliery owners, or anybody else who is for the moment, materially speaking, on the right side of the fence." To this select middle class practically everybody belongs who administers the law, who writes about the law, or who makes money out of the law. Human nature being what it is, the system cannot be expected to be universally fair or sympathetic; and the middle class, who are the most articulate body in our midst, naturally admire the system which they have created, and which they operate.

His strictures are very largely independent of the expense and dilatoriness of the system, which the middle class would be the first to admit, and which our supineness has come to regard as inevitable. He makes a slashing and unanswerable attack upon magistrates, who are usually chosen for political reasons, often very old and very deaf, abysmally ignorant of law and psychology, and in the pocket of their clerk (often himself by no means young). He is hardly gentler with judges, who may owe their appointment to politics or nepotism, who have nearly all been trained in advocacy, and temperamentally lack the judicial mind; and who are largely ignorant of everything connected with crime because as barristers they preferred the more lucrative work of civil cases. Worst of all, as they spring from the middle classes, they lack understanding of the masses. (Incidentally, it is not easy to imagine how a young man, freshly called to the Bar, could be trained in the judicial attitude until ripe for a judgeship at fifty years of age; and kissing might still go by favour even in a classless society.)

Quite apart from criticisms based upon personality and origins, the author attacks the whole system of case law. Other nations can boast a terse synopsis of their laws. But in this country a first-rate lawyer must create a personal library of 2,000 volumes, add to it year by year, and frequently consult a legal reference library of 50,000 volumes, only to find in court that his rival has unearthed some other relevant case, which owing to a judicial precedent may be accepted as having the force of law, and cost him his case. Again, he underlines the part played by wealth. We all know that it does not pay a poor man to break a lance with rich corporations. A wealthy litigant can outlast his impecunious adversary by extending the proceedings almost to infinity, or pervert justice more briefly by pitting a famous K.C. against some obscure and juvenile practitioner. Descending still lower in the scale, he considers that the much-vaunted Poor Persons' Procedure leaves the pauper litigant to fend for himself in 97½ per cent. of his cases.

The book unquestionably smashes a host of illusions to smithereens. But the author deliberately denies any constructive purpose, confessing his conviction that patchwork is of little value, and dreaming of a Socialist state in which all such inequalities shall be smoothed away.

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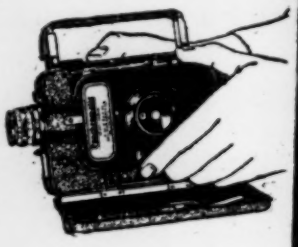

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A REFUGEE AND HIS SON

The Brunels, Father and Son. By CELIA BRUNEL NOBLE. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15s.

The *Illustrated London News* celebrated the opening of the Great Exhibition with an article from which this is an extract:

> Who shall say, if we had had a railroad system pervading Europe in 1780, and steamships plying between New York and Liverpool, whether Napoleon Bonaparte might not have become a great sculptor? or a great cotton-spinner, in 1810? . . . Whether a thousand battles would not have remained unfought? And whether the millions of men that perished in them might not have helped to adorn and improve a world they were solely engaged in ravaging?

These sentiments (which were not so unreasonable as they now appear) give the atmosphere of optimism in which the two Brunels undertook their interesting careers. The nineteenth-century inventor and engineer could perceive that they were increasing enormously the wealth of the world; they could not suppose that they were also multiplying its miseries. The Brunels, it is safe

to assume, never doubted for a moment that their labours were entirely beneficent: a tunnel under the Thames, a bridge over the Clifton Gorge, a railway that brought Queen Victoria in half an hour from Windsor to London, a steamship that crossed the Atlantic in fifteen days—how could such enterprises fail to increase contentment and make for Peace?

But their individual fortunes might have been calculated to modify any undue optimism. The Thames Tunnel, to which the elder Brunel devoted nineteen years of his life, was achieved only after the most unexpected catastrophes, at a cost far exceeding the estimates, and did not become available to wheeled traffic till years after his death. The broad gauge and the use of atmospheric power, which were the younger Brunel's particular contribution to the success of railway-building, were both abandoned before his death. His elegant Clifton suspension-bridge was not completed, for lack of funds, till after his death. And his masterpiece, the *Great Eastern* steamship, after difficulties in launching that alone cost £120,000, proved unseaworthy, and after several grave accidents, was degraded into a Show Boat at the Liverpool Exhibition.

> Her grand saloon became a music-hall, her state-cabins held side-shows, her deck provided a racing-track, and her hold accommodated a circus. With her immense sides plastered by advertisements, and her pride shattered by this disguise, the fates granted her a brief span of noisy and vulgar success, until the son of her former Captain Paton could bear no longer the degradation of the great ship, and threatened to blow himself up unless the authorities would intervene.

The Show Boat was then closed, and two years later she was broken up. She was twice as long and six times as large as any ship then known, and it was forty years before another vessel of her size was constructed. Brunel's imagination had gone far beyond the scientific knowledge available: he was right in supposing a ship of this size to be possible, but wrong in undertaking its design without more experimental knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome. The father, Lady Noble writes, "was the pure engineer, trying to give people what they wanted at the time." The son "looked so far ahead that he gave them what he expected them to want later." Their great services show the wisdom of welcoming exiles, for the father was a refugee from France.

Lady Noble, who is a granddaughter of the younger Brunel, has made a most agreeable book of this double biography. I should have liked many more illustrations, and more details about the "shield" invented by the father for excavating the tunnel, and about the working of the "atmospheric pressure" railway. But we are given a delightful picture of two prodigiously energetic men and their wives, enjoying the most exciting success, and meeting the most exasperating failure. (When the launch of the *Great Eastern* proved a fiasco, the *Statesman*, we are not surprised to learn, "indulged in sarcasm.") The older part of Paddington Station, Maidenhead Bridge, Saltash Bridge over the Tamar, and the two towers of the Crystal Palace are works of the younger Brunel that are still extant. He designed pre-constructed hospitals that were transported to the Crimea; he designed a Great Exhibition building (and very generously supported the much superior plan devised by Paxton); he laid the railway from Florence to Turin; he even devised a method for dislodging a sovereign that had stuck in his throat, when the surgeons of the time had vainly attempted tracheotomy. His brother-in-law noted in him an apparent disregard of the claims of the other world. "Have you not habitually broken the Sabbath which He said was to be kept holy?" But he, in turn, went out of his way to impress upon his son the practical value of religion. "Finally, let me impress upon you the advantage of *prayer*. . . . I can assure you, that I have ever, in my difficulties, prayed fervently, and that—in the end—my prayers have been, or have *appeared* to me to be, granted, and that I have received great comfort." The underlining of *appeared* is characteristic.

Lady Noble has not omitted to describe the hideous conditions endured by the workmen engaged upon the undertakings of the two Brunels. No ventilation was provided during the excavation of the Thames Tunnel, and the suffering entailed was appalling. The worst side of the 19th Century appears in a quotation from Richard Beamish's Life of the Elder Brunel, *à propos* of some mechanical sawmills he established:

> To these important economic advantages to the public was added the high gratification to Brunel himself of being able to employ children in the manufactory. The love of the young was a distinguishing and abiding feature of Brunel's character.

One is reminded of little Tommy in the story, who, his mother explained, was going to be a butcher when he grew up, because he was "that fond of animals."

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RAYMOND MORTIMER

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Czechoslovakia: Keystone of Peace and Democracy. By LT.-COMMANDER EDGAR P. YOUNG. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Until quite recently Czechoslovakia was nothing for the great British public but a strange and undefined conception with a long and difficult name. There is no doubt but that it is exceedingly desirable that our public opinion should feel more at its ease with the Czechoslovak Republic, not merely as an arena for racial combat, but conceived as a whole. Commander Young has certainly done something very useful in surveying the history and institutions of Czechoslovakia, together with its international significance. He has, perhaps, produced something almost too much resembling an optimistic school text-book to be quite as interesting as the subject he treats.

Commander Young is unquestionably right to underline the unjust emphasis which circumstances now lay upon Czechoslovak minority policy, the most satisfactory minority policy in Europe east of Switzerland. It has recently been said, with palpable justice, that if the Sudeten German question had not existed it would have been found necessary to invent it. On the other hand is it altogether wise to express quite so rosy a view as Commander Young, and to indicate that the Czechs, unlike any other human group, are all good children? I am sure —and more especially since May 21st—that the evolution of historical circumstances has given them striking qualities, and that they had the clean-sheet advantage as a new Successor State. It is true, too, that, far from supporting Herr Henlein's claim that the Czechs should cease to regard themselves as a bulwark against German expansionism, we should be wiser to agree that in fact they are one and be thankful, and even be prepared to strengthen the bulwark.

It is, however, misleading to suggest that the Czechs are the only people who have never been guilty of chauvinism or, for instance, to imply that they have always behaved generously towards Hungary; in 1930 it was the Czechoslovak, not the Hungarian, Government which broke off commercial relations between these two neighbours. Commander Young also writes that Czechoslovakia "was able to remain comparatively untouched by the blighting tentacles of foreign capital." While the enemies of Prague vastly exaggerate the international connections of the Škoda concern, can they be entirely ignored?

As a matter of fact there are several considerations which claim the world's sympathy for Czechoslovakia, but are nevertheless neglected even by her warmest partisans. Among these is the fact that the present frontiers of the Republic, which are to-day discovered to be so impossible by so many writers of letters to the *Times*, were imposed upon Dr. Beneš in 1919, as Commander Young points out, by the Great Powers. Dr. Beneš would have preferred to lose certain salients to Germany, but Italy in particular insisted that the North Bohemian frontier must remain intact because Italy required the vindication of "strategic frontiers" in her own interest elsewhere. To have ceded Asch and Friedland in 1919 would have been easy, where to-day it would create the tremendous danger of appearing as surrender to blackmail.

And, lastly, all students of Central Europe are aware of the void created by the disappearance of Habsburg in 1918. Since there are no neat ethnological frontiers some super-racial authority is indispensable. Czechoslovakia is condemned by unthinking critics as a racial inconsistency. But it is her very heterogeneous character which should mark her out as the nucleus of a new super-racial Danubian organisation, the more if she can miraculously preserve the essential elements of civilised government, if she can still stand, in the words of Dr. Beneš quoted by Commander Young, "like a lighthouse high on a cliff with the waves crashing on it on all sides."

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

SHELLEY PLAIN

On Shelley. By EDMUND BLUNDEN, GAVIN DE BEER and SYLVA NORMAN. *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

Many visitors to Switzerland in the early nineteenth century were scandalised, in the midst of the most sublime scenery witnessing to the grandeur of the Creator, to discover in a hut and/or hotel of the valley of Chamonix an inscription in Greek by an English poet—"Percy Bysshe Shelley, democratic philanthropist and atheist." "'If an atheist a fool—if not, a liar.' Psalm xiv, 1," added one indignant traveller. There is a legend too, that Byron, wishing to spare Shelley the consequences of indignation, deleted the inscription; which was turned by his detractors into a story that Byron had written it himself. Byron also violently attacked Southey in the dedication to Don Juan because he imagined that Southey had written a notice in the *Quarterly Review*, attacking Shelley for the inscription. Swinburne defended Shelley but deplored his Greek; and so the controversy has rumbled on, until Mr. de Beer in a very amusing essay clears Byron, and suggests that there were three inscriptions by Shelley in the valley of Chamonix.

Mr. Blunden, with equal skill, inquires into the circumstances of Shelley's expulsion from University College. He tones down the melodrama of Shelley's quarrel with his college, portrays a Master who gave him every chance to excuse himself for the *Necessity of Atheism*, and a kindly Sir Timothy Shelley, who introduced his son to the printers of the pamphlet. Perhaps Mr. Blunden goes a little far in treating Shelley's escapades as the wild oats of a youth too interested in Oxford logical disputes. The suggestion of a Shelley who "would have loved and served the University more richly than most men," makes one think that Mr. Blunden may be falling into the error of those critics of Shakespeare, who, as Mr. Eliot has pointed out, see the poet as reflections of themselves. Mr. Blunden seems to see in his mind's eye a middle-aged Shelley elected to a Fellowship in English, regarding the more poetically disposed undergraduates with that kindly posthumous eye with which the dons look on the life around them as though they were continually reading obituary notices of their own youth.

Sylva Norman has written by far the more interesting essay in this volume, on *Mary Shelley: Novelist and Dramatist*. Most contemporary biographers of Shelley seem to dislike Mary, but Mr. Massingham's picture of her slipping off to Matins at Pisa seems nothing compared with this authoritative account of her writings after Shelley's death. Indeed, she seems to have spent the rest of her life weaving her memories of Shelley and his friends into lyrics and stories like lavender bags, or vast three volume tapestries of romantic sensationalism and snobbery. There was nothing in the Shelley legend which she did not exploit, from her own inconsolable heart to the circumstances of Shelley's funeral, in *Falkner*, a novel about Trelawney, where Shelley figures as the heroine who is buried on the Cumberland coast. I do not suppose that many people will feel inclined to read Mary Shelley's voluminous works, but the idea of this extension of him through the Keepsake Books of the early Victorians, so different from Mr. Blunden's vision of what he might have been, is fascinating, and Miss Norman has made it well worth reading.

STEPHEN SPENDER

UNITARIAN REFORMERS

The Unitarian Contribution to Social Progress in England. By R. V. HOLT. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A great deal of useful and thoughtful work has gone into this book; but it is difficult not to feel that it is a disappointment. What Mr. Holt has done is to pass in rapid survey the main social movements in England since the middle of the eighteenth century and to bring out in his account of each of them the names of those leaders of thought and action who were of the Unitarian faith. His list is a formidable one. Priestley and Price, Southwood Smith and Josephine Butler, Major Cartwright and J. Jebb, Walter Bagshot and C. P. Scott are only the outstanding names in an impressive record. Sometimes, I think, Mr. Holt's zeal takes him a little far; the sense in which Milton and Locke and Dickens can rightly be called Unitarians is a pretty limited one. But, on the general record, he is quite clearly entitled to claim that there were few important realms of social reform, Socialism and Trade Unionism apart, in which Unitarians did not play an estimable and, often, a leading part.

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What, however, mostly emerges from Mr. Holt's account is the danger of mistaking association for causation. With the possible exception of Priestley, I do not see that the men and women of whom he speaks did their good work because they were Unitarians. They were in favour, to take one example, of political reform because, as Nonconformists, they were excluded from the franchise and the House of Commons rather than because they belonged to a particular denomination. It is no more legitimate to ascribe the zeal of Southwood Smith for improvements in public health to his Unitarianism than it is to ascribe Halifax's zeal for an understanding with Hitler to his Anglicanism; and I do not suppose that Mr. Holt would ascribe Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's part in the South African War to his Unitarian creed. Mr. Holt's thesis, in fact, would have been more interesting if he had made some serious effort to show that there is something peculiar to the Unitarian creed which differentiates its votaries from many other admirable people who espoused the same causes at the same time. Some of the important Unitarian families in Liverpool and Manchester were in favour of franchise reform because they were tired of an outworn political system in which their representation was not equal to their economic authority, and not because they were Unitarians. It is interesting to Mr. Holt as a Unitarian that Fielden the factory reformer was a Unitarian; but I cannot see that this was more significant than the fact that Lord Shaftesbury, not less urgent in this realm than Fielden, was an evangelical Trinitarian. The most interesting aspect of Mr. Holt's discussion is his notes on the geographical distribution of the sect which is, I think, wider both in extent and numbers than had hitherto been realised.

But what really emerges from his survey is that Unitarians after about 1750 shared the better views of the rising middle class of the period. They were therefore active in the movements in which that middle class led. The reform of the franchise and municipal government, the development of educational facilities, the bettering of factory conditions, the public health movement; in all these the Unitarians played an effective and important part. The leadership of laymen was powerfully reinforced by the support of the Unitarian clergy. They were willing to brave a good deal of unpopularity in their effort. But Mr. Holt gives us no reason to suppose that the elements which differentiated Unitarianism from other doctrines were responsible for the facts he accounts. He has provided a useful footnote to history; he has not discovered a factor of importance in secular change.

HAROLD J. LASKI

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LONDON NIGHT

A Night in London. Sixty-four photographs by BILL BRANDT. Introduction by JAMES BONE. *Country Life*. 5s.

"Tour of the East End and Chinatown, leaving 9 p.m." is a placard one sees outside travel offices at this season. Hopefully the visitors of Southampton Row go off in their busloads to enjoy a floodlit Tower, Charlie Brown's, the width of the Whitechapel High Street, the tableau of a Chinaman smoking in a doorway. How does it look to them? The danger and much of the excitement have gone out of travel, even out of slumming, and there is only the new blue lighting to add a mysterious touch to streets east of Aldgate. We read of gang fights in Houndsditch, but who has ever seen them? Where do the police still walk in twos, where is the alley where one's hat will be suddenly lifted by a predatory arm from a window? Perhaps, even in summer, fog persists in some hinterland of streets round the marshes? Such fancies, one may suppose, thrill the traveller as he flashes by in his armoured car.

Mr. Bill Brandt, the brilliant photographer of *The English at Home*, provides here a dossier of London at night—a record worth any number of bus rides. He has travelled indefatigably, from Piccadilly to Mile End, from a wrestling match at the Ring to the tube tunnel after the last train has gone. What an eye, and what an appetite, he has! Usually it is the human story, the contrast of riches and squalor, that takes him to a scene; once there he grasps the material detail with almost frightening zest. Nothing could be a more appalling revelation of urban drabness than his "Sky lightens over the Suburbs"; and yet in the dreary half-light on rows of roofs stepped up a hill he has seen a depressing beauty. So too, the white interstices of a brick wall in "Dark Alley Way," where a policeman watches three men under a lamp-post, the newspaper on which the "Homeless Woman" lies sleeping at the foot of steps, the glitter of sky signs and car bonnets in "Piccadilly Circus"—each detail reinforces a picture and fascinates in itself. The directness of Mr. Brandt's photography—his blacks and whites hit the eye like a headline—goes with a most unusual sensitiveness in texture and design. You see his subject in a flash, whether it is a bus being boarded or a waiter looking at a starving tramp in the street; then the eye takes in corners and patterns on which a Man Ray might have expended his skill. For once you do not feel that the camera is bound to lie.

Most of the photographs of *A Night in London* are street scenes—theatre queues, glimpses of the river, deserted alleys, traffic jams, the prostitute on her corner, the workers at Billingsgate in the early morning. Other photographers have done these as well—or nearly as well—as Mr. Brandt. Where Mr. Brandt excels is in the naturalness of his interiors, many of which must have been carefully posed. Sometimes, looking through a window, he catches a family at dinner or sitting by the fire—it is the sideglance anyone might give from the street; but then, without loss of spontaneity, he goes inside one of these houses and shows us a bridge party in a Kensington drawing-room or a working-class bedroom where five children lie huddled together asleep. "At Half past ten Mr. and Mrs. Smith prepare for Bed" is a triumph of this interior snapshotting; Mrs. Smith, an old lady in an old dressing gown, is cleaning her teeth, glass in hand, while Mr. Smith with his back to us prepares to pull his shirt over his head: it might be a moment from *Sous les Toits de Paris*. Mr. Brandt has, indeed, something of Clair's genius in choosing human types for his camera; his old people are especially striking. As an artist he is quick, sardonic, ruthlessly interested. To any foreigner—or any Londoner for that matter—who wants to slip behind the scenes of London life I can recommend *A Night in London* as being as good in its way as *Sous les Toits* or Cavalcanti's *Rien que les Heures*—curiously enough there is no English film which does for London what they have done for Paris. And, though Mr. Brandt does not underline his sympathies, his book might well be intended as propaganda for Socialism. The contrasts it illustrates between wealth and poverty are shocking.

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M & C

The Silver River. By ALEXANDER COMFORT. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

The subtitle is "Diary of a Schoolboy in the South Atlantic," and the publisher, justifiably, makes much of the fact that this book appears while its author is in his last term at school. He has as good an excuse for writing a travel book as most (a voyage on tramp steamers to South America and the West Coast of Africa); his literary abilities are far above the average. Perhaps rather much of the description is given to seas, sunsets, the distant coastline—a fault the experienced writer would avoid; but against this grandeur we feel vividly the small life on the boat. His second boat, taking him from Buenos Aires to Dakar, was Greek; at the captain's table they ate terrifically; food was everywhere; the first mate kept bananas in the pigeon holes of his desk, a carcase of beef hung beside the ladder; the livestock on board included ducks, geese and hens in the lifeboats, twenty sheep and four little Turkish bulls in a pen. The Greek navigation, according to Mr. Comfort, was almost as intricate and satisfying as the provender; he says it made him understand for the first time the epithet "many-counselled" applied by Homer to Odysseus. *The Silver River* would be worth reading for this delightful boat and its occupants alone. Mr. Comfort is, besides, a naturalist with exact knowledge and a pretty turn of metaphor. He had an eye for porpoises, turtles and albatross, and one can feel him pounce on the rare beetle or butterfly that fell on the deck. At Dakar he made a collection of marine shells which supplements existing catalogues. *The Silver River* is, in fact, well worth reading. The publishers are lucky to have discovered Mr. Comfort so young. He in his turn was lucky to have six months off from school in which to make the journey recorded in this book.

The Freedom of the Streets. By JACK COMMON. *Secker and Warburg.* 6s.

With the weakening of democracies and the suppression of the individual in totalitarian States, political freedom becomes more important to us, because more personal. Mr. Common is concerned with the freedom of the "masses," of those whose life is genuinely of the streets, because in them is their meeting ground, political and social, and the playground of their children. His obviously authentic account of this communal life is good, but he seems to understand people better than the politics he would like to see changed for them. His theory that the individual is being submerged by transition into the masses is not very convincing; it is hard to see how "the people of the professions get proletarianised" by going to work, and live among the proletariat because of failure to work with any satisfaction in their normal field. Tradition, which Mr. Common admits is strong, is stronger than that. As he points out, it is increasingly difficult for the artist, writer, doctor or lawyer to be honest under present economic conditions; but their desertion will not add much in numbers to the proletariat (the word is insisted on throughout the book). There is always the reverse process: some of our best writers and artists to-day prefer to remain individuals in exile—not necessarily geographical. But Mr. Common is the enemy of the individual, because he is rightly disgusted with the injustice and anarchy for which private enterprise is so often responsible. His only hope for the proletariat getting justice and decent treatment is in the strengthening of their common resources by absorbing and denying the individual. This is the technique of the strike, and, for immediate crisis the only effective action. But as a political policy this might mean for the worker merely the changing of his present anonymity, imposed from above, into another not very much better. The author refuses to draw any conclusions because he fears "to commit an act of isolation," but the book is interesting without them because of the experience behind it, and always sincere.

Heritage of Yesterday. By RICHARD VON KÜHLMANN. *Hodge.* 7s. 6d.

Herr von Kühlmann was Counsellor of the German Embassy in London at the outbreak of the war, and German Foreign Secretary from July 1917 to July 1918; and each of the 21 essays comprised in this book would earn him "distinction" if he sat for the Higher Schools Certificate or the London "Matric." Here is a typical example of Herr von Kühlmann's performance, taken from his essay on Great Britain (p. 106):

> The inhabitants of the island are of mixed origin. Conquered by the Romans under Caesar, the influence of that great people on the Celtic aborigines remained a permanent one. Later invaders included the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, the Jutes and Angles, all of whom were largely absorbed by the original inhabitants; and finally came the Normans under William the Conqueror.

On a few rare occasions Herr von Kühlmann becomes original. When speaking of the three invasions of France by the Germans in 1814, 1870, and 1914 he remarks that the third occurred "when the inevitable decay of Austria raised the question of the annexation of the Habsburg territories by Germany and her consequent elevation to the supremacy of the continent of Europe" (p. 92). This is indeed a novel explanation of the origin of the war.

When Herr von Kühlmann resigned, the *Times* wrote on July 11th, 1918: "As Foreign Secretary Herr von Kühlmann has been perpetually in the limelight which he enjoys. . . . His achievements are enshrined in the Treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. . . ." All that Herr von Kühlmann has to say about the first of these "achievements" is that "the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was concluded" (p. 156), while the second is not even mentioned in the book. Lord Lothian is right when he says in his preface to Herr von Kühlmann's book that "for a man who has been for so long intimately associated with modern diplomacy it is astonishingly free from personal recollections and prophecies or of intimate accounts of the events in which he took so active a part."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

HAYDN is one of those composers who, while never out of favour with the musical public, are known to them by an absurdly small proportion of their total output. In the last year or two Mozart has been pretty thoroughly explored, plans are already under consideration for opening up the vast Schubertian hinterland, and there is some hope that Haydn may be the next. The B.B.C. is engaged in broadcasting, at appropriate dates, the four sections of his last great work, *The Seasons*; already we have had "Spring" and "Summer," and the strength and sweetness of the music must have come as a surprise to many, for I do not think the oratorio has been given in London since the war: it is, by the way, almost unrepresented on records. During the past eighteen months the gramophone companies have begun to do serious justice to his greatest symphonies, and now two notably fine examples appear together, performed by the two most distinguished Haydn conductors in the world. Toscanini leads the American N.B.C. Orchestra in the *G major, No.* 88 (3 H.M.V.s); Sir Thomas Beecham, with the London Philharmonic, gives us the *D major, No.* 93 (3 Cols.). Many people will want to buy one but not both, and a choice is difficult. The first belongs to 1787, the second (one of the Salomon set) to 1791. Now we are often told that the perfection of the Salomon symphonies is attributable to Haydn's study and admiration of Mozart's last three symphonies (1788). Nevertheless the melodic fertility and spontaneous variety of device which fill both these works from end to end seem to me, if anything, more marked in the earlier work; its *Largo* ranks among Haydn's most solemn and touching slow movements. Mark how Toscanini preserves the unhurried pulse of its great melody even through those menacing *fortissimo* interruptions; mark too the precision and point of his *allegros*. Bored though I am with the Toscanini-flappers who sniff at the mere mention of Walter or Beecham, I am bound to confess that this time Beecham does not handle the whole work quite so *inevitably* as usual: there is something wilful in the leisurely tempo he adopts for the first movement. On the other hand, his slow movement, with the help of some beautiful work from oboe and bassoon, is perfectly done. Recording? Here there can be no doubt. The Beecham set is almost equal to the best recent English work. The Toscanini, while far superior to his last American records, still shows many of the usual Transatlantic vices: strings that sting when they should stroke, insufficient bass and timpani, rough surfaces. However, the softer passages come off excellently, which is more than could be said of his *Siegfried Idyll*, and the master's hand is everywhere delightfully felt. If I were forced to choose, I think the Toscanini would just have it.

Furtwängler follows up his excellent *Tristan* records with three H.M.V.s containing the Prelude and Good Friday Music from *Parsifal*; the orchestra is again the Berlin Philharmonic, the playing and recording again somewhere near perfection. Furtwängler is certainly one of the greatest of Wagner conductors: concentrating on the lyrical aspect of the music, and refusing to hammer home the rhetorical climaxes, he reveals many beauties that more conventionally effective performances had obscured. The opening page of the Prelude, with the soft trumpet theme piercing through the rustling string arpeggios, has never sounded more ravishing. *Parsifal* is sometimes blatant and often boringly stagnant (what composer in the world could hold our attention through five hours of almost uninterrupted *adagio molto*?), but these pages seem eternally beautiful. There is one more orchestral record, a first recording by the Boyd Neel Orchestra on 4 Deccas of Dvořák's *String Serenade in E*. This is early Dvořák, but with this composer dates do not mean much: from first to last he was essentially a Czech *musikant* with a sound German classical training and an inborn, almost rustic, prodigality of invention. This forgotten *Serenade*, with its curious anticipations of Elgar, makes the most delightful entertainment music imaginable; you needn't listen very hard, there are no structural subtleties, nothing that is not perfectly plain at a first hearing. But so thoroughbred is the melodic inspiration that you will like it more, not less, at

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each repetition. Neel's capital string band play it, as it should be played, *con amore*; though once or twice (*e.g.*, second subject of the last movement) the themes seem to demand a more playful touch than they have received.

I cannot wholly recommend the Mozart *Violin Sonata in B flat major*, K.454, as played on 2 Cols. by Mmes. Soriano and Tagliafero. The music is splendid, of concerto-like brilliance in the first movement, serenely expressive in the *andante*; but the performance, in spite of many felicities, is not a good specimen of duet playing. Besides, it is severely cut: twice in the first movement, and once (a good fat one) in the last; and we no longer expect this sort of thing, at any rate without frank admission. As it happens, both this sonata and K.378 have been recently recorded in America by Heifetz; and I advise people to wait for their probable issue over here, for Heifetz is superb in Mozart. In the meantime I am glad of the opportunity to refer again to the two unsurpassable albums of Mozart Violin Sonatas played by Lili Krauss and Simon Goldberg and published by Parlophone. There are no records which I find myself playing more often or with deeper satisfaction. Edwin Fischer makes his usual stylish success of the little Mozart *Piano Sonata in C major*, K.330: 2 H.M.V.s, with a pretty *Romance in A flat major*, K.App.205, to fill up. Except for the slow movement, which has a lovely Schubertian passage, the music is on the tinkly side. In the older Columbia recording by Harriet Cohen the extremely sensitive and poetic details do not somehow coalesce into flowing wholes; but she certainly reveals more significance than Fischer in the first movement. Schnabel makes his debut in Bach with the noble *Toccata in C minor* (2 small H.M.V.s), which can be strongly recommended for its cool tone and clear, lively part-playing; a first recording on English lists. Those who count rhythmic security among the principal virtues of Bach playing will be disappointed to note that the characteristic Schnabelian scamper is by no means absent: there is one between the second and third entries of the fugue, and many more later on. But they are only clouds that drift quickly by. Minor piano records are Kitain (Col.) in a fine but seldom heard Rachmaninoff *Elégie*, coupled with an equally rare and agreeable Scriabine *Mazurka*, Op. 25, No. 3, and Rimsky's pertinacious *Bumble Bee*; and Eileen Joyce (Parlophone) in some worthless pieces, including Liszt's admired, but by me detested, arrangement of Schumann's *Frühlingsnacht*. Ossy Renardy's excellent record of Corelli's *Violin Sonata in E minor* (1 Col.) makes a delightful contrast.

The great soprano *scena* from Weber's *Oberon* has never lacked good recordings. There was a wonderful old Gadski, whose two parts came out, in the leisurely manner of the day, with an interval of months or even years between them! Florence Austral's performance of the original English text is perhaps her finest record (H.M.V.). Elisabeth Ohms (Decca), nobly spacious in the slower parts, is rather lethargic at the climax. The latest version is an H.M.V. by Flagstad with sonorous orchestral accompaniment by the Philadelphians under Ormandy. Flagstad herself is also sonorous in the highest degree: one cannot resist the huge flow of clean soprano tone and the buoyant certainty with which she attacks the final *allegro*. But it is impossible to believe that this Rezia takes her predicament very seriously, her attitude to the waves being decidedly Canute-like. The old Parlophone version by Lotte Lehmann, with its superb diction and continuous tense excitement, remains, after all, the finest; besides, it forms an excellent specimen of her voice at its finest (about 1929). Vera Schwarz makes for Parlophone a good 10-inch record of Ilia's lovely aria from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, *Zeffiretti lusinghieri*, which is more steadily sung in a different German translation (and therefore under a different title) for H.M.V. by Ria Ginster. Mme. Schwarz is primarily a great dramatic singer; what we want from her is the great Sleep-walking Scene from Verdi's *Macbeth* in which she made so profound an impression at Glyndebourne; complete with the long orchestral prelude, the recitative, and the parts of doctor and gentlewoman, it would take 3 or 4 sides. Anni von Stosch, this year's undistinguished Gutrune, makes a small Parlophone of Pamina's aria from *Die Zauberflöte* and Susanna's from *Figaro*, which atones for some unsteadiness by pretty tone and good phrasing. Hüsch (Parlo.) bawls his way through one of the least interesting of the Loewe ballads, *Archibald Douglas*. A reissue of great interest gives us Zenatello, the finest Otello since Tamagno, in *Ora e per sempre addio* and the Vengeance Duet with Amato as Iago; in the opening phrases of the duet the tenor's voice rings out magnificently (Parlo.). I should like finally to draw attention to an amazing record made by Mme. Blanche Marchesi in her seventy-fourth year, and obtainable at 7*s*. 9*d*. from the singer herself at 78 Lancaster Gate, W.2. It contains a lovely and unfamiliar air from Handel's *Heracles*, a little song by Moret, and Hugo Wolf's great *Nun wandre Maria*. Those who attended her farewell recital will realise that this is no mere souvenir of past glories, but an example of flawless diction and interpretation allied to a miraculously preserved voice. The tired, resigned pathos of the Wolf song is as moving as anything I have ever heard on the gramophone.

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 22nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
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APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. 2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
Commencing SATURDAY, July 16th
INTERNATIONAL
CIRCUS SEASON
Prices, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/-, 1/3.

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30. (Smoking.)
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30. Th., S., 2.30.
EDMUND WILLARD,
A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, ESMOND KNIGHT in
THE INSECT PLAY
A People's National Theatre production.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2.30.
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
MARGARET YARDE. WALTER FITZGERALD.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evgs. 8.40. Wed., Sat. 2.30
JUNE CLYDE in
LITTLE STRANGER
By Katharine Hilliker & H. H. Caldwell.
Henry Hewitt, Agnes Lauchlan, Robert Eddison.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evenings, 8.30. Tu., Th., 2.30.
LEA SEIDL and GERTRUDE NIESEN
in
NO SKY SO BLUE
with STEVE GERAY.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed., & Thurs., 2.30
GOLDEN BOY By Clifford Odets.
GROUP THEATRE COMPANY FROM NEW YORK.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tuesday, Friday, 2.30.
YVONNE ARNAUD, RONALD SQUIRE
PLAN FOR A HOSTESS

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the gleam is restored at a touch to tarnished silverware polished with "Goddard's." Its unique quality and consistent fineness make it the best and safest polish for silverware.

"Goddard's" Plate Powder

In boxes 6d., 1/- & 2/-. Also in 1 lb. canisters 3/6

FREE BOOKLET
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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) Evenings, ex. Mons., 8.30. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday:
PLANT IN THE SUN
with PAUL ROBESON.
Saturday and Sunday:
BURY THE DEAD
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL COMEDY IN TOWN.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Second Year.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

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AUGUST 1st—AUGUST 27th
Five World Premieres by BRIDIE, DUNSANY, MUNRO, PRIESTLEY and SHAW. Details from MALVERN FESTIVAL OFFICE, 25 Haymarket, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 3332.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
"FRANCE'S MOST DARING COMEDY"
"LE ROI S'AMUSE" (A).
VICTOR FRANCEN, GABY MORLEY, RAIMU.

BERKELEY, Berkeley Street. May. 8505.
MAURICE CHEVALIER in
L'HOMME DU JOUR
Also Pare Lorentz' famous film
THE RIVER (U), and March of Time (A).
2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 8/6.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, JULY 18th, for SEVEN DAYS
HARRY BAUER & PIERRE BLANCHAR in
CRIME ET CHATIMENT (A)
The French Version of Dostoievsky's Novel.

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BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
July 18th, for one week.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Wood Demon
A Comedy by Chekhov.
A new translation by S. S. Koteliansky, produced by Nicholas Crocker.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.0 p.m. Little.
Black Limelight
Gordon Sherry

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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EXHIBITIONS

EXHIBITION OF 20TH CENTURY GERMAN ART. New Burlington Galleries, 5 Burlington Gardens, W.1. Daily 10–5.30. Thursdays 10–7.30. Adm. 1s. 6d. Special rates for Parties.

GUGGENHEIM JEUNE, 30 Cork St., W.1. An exhibition of Paintings by Yves Tanguy. Gallery open 10 to 6. July 5th to 30th.

DANCE

A BALL in aid of the NATIONAL JOINT COMMITTEE FOR SPANISH RELIEF will be held on July 21st, 1938, at the Overseas Club, Park Place, St. James Street, S.W.1.
Marius B. Winter's Band. Cabaret by members of "Panache."
Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, including supper, from the Dance Secretary, 4 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

PERSONAL

FRUITARIAN COOKERY CLASSES. St. Francis Hospital, Red Lion Square, and Doddington, Kent.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

ENGLISH ARTIST (portrait, landscape, musical subjects, flowers, etc.) seeks suitable generous summer hospitality, repaid by respectable work. Fullest references. CHEZ WALLACE-PEEL, 216 Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

OXFORD Graduate (Indian) seeks cultured family as p.g. in London. Box 2369.

SINGLE MAN, aged 33, adaptable, wants moderate bachelor accommodation or share flat with another, good locality. General interests. Write Box 550, LEATHWAIT AND SIMMONS, 1–4 Copthall Chambers, E.C.2

CULTURED and liberal Hungarian woman would welcome Englishwoman p.g. in her Budapest home. £8 a month incl. Also spare room in large hut on hillside overlooking Danube. 30 km. Budapest. July, Aug., Sept. £5 a month incl. Walking, swimming, boating. Box 1671.

COACHING (Oxford Undergraduate) with SEASIDE holiday offered to boy 8–16. Music, yachting, etc. 2½ *gns.* weekly. Apply JOAN HEATH, Tyn-y-Coed, Barmouth, N. Wales.

YOUNG Solicitor wants experience industrial law, London or provincial office. Box 2421.

LINCOLNSHIRE. German lady takes guest for August. Lessons if required. 74 Cromhill Ave. Cleethorpes.

YOUNG Man (25) would welcome companion for Irish holiday, August. Humour and music essential. Box 2386.

WILL anyone give Battery Radio, oil-lamps, and small clothes-lockers to Basque Home? CARRITT, Boars Hill, Oxford.

BONN AM RHEIN. German family receives paying guests Apply to Herr Bloemers, Bachstrasse 34.

IS any reader prepared to post on his copy of N.S. & N to a School in Saskatchewan, Canada? Write Box 2400.

RUSSIAN—by experienced native lady teacher. London references. Central. 'Phone. Box 1783.

DARKEST AFRICA—Job wanted by young man (age 25) who has extensive knowledge and insight of West Africa, also previous experience there. He is suffering from acute "nostalgia du Sud." French Senegal, Sierra Leone or Liberia preferable. Suggests considerable distance from comic Colonial officials. Discomfiture and climate no object. Excellent references. Box 2312.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING," 1938. A new and greatly enlarged edition of this book is now ready. It contains over 100 pages of information that is invaluable to all gramophone owners, and enables them to be sure of choosing the best version of works they wish to add to their collection. Send 2d. in stamps for a free copy.
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NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 127.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 434

Set by Raymond Mortimer

"Paper Games" are popular, I am sure, in the homes of many readers of this journal. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best suggestions for such a game. It need not be an invention of the competitor, but evidently the prize will not be given to the traditional form of "Consequences." There is no limit to the permitted number of entries.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

There has been a very large entry for this competition, and I have found it very difficult to judge. I dismissed games that I already knew, but probably some of those that were new to me are widely known to others. The crossword game, various forms of the poetry game, the acoustic game, Heads, Bodies and Legs, Titles and Pictures, and "Dotty Quotations" (which I know as "The Hanging Game") were among the excellent games that I dismissed, perhaps unjustly, as too well known. J. C. B. Date sent in a mathematical game, which I shall send to Caliban, as it seems to be excellent, though unsuited to the Common Reader. Max Moon submitted "Sexo," a game in which you give the other players marks for their sexual habits and characteristics; it has proved most successful, he assures me, at mixed and progressive parties, but I fancy that it might prove so "mixed and progressive" that the printer would refuse to print it. W. E. B. suggests "Political Consequences." (One political figure said to another political figure, etc.) Bluebird has a good game called "Literary Jig-Saw," in which you dictate a poem with all the adjectives and many of the nouns omitted. A list of the omitted words is then provided, and you have to fit them in in the right place. Margaret L. Port submitted the "Drawing Relay Race," in which one team races another in drawing recognisably objects chosen by an umpire. M. Chisholm has a game called "The Common Mind," based upon word-association. R. B. Jaffray had a somewhat similar but more elaborate game. M. Snow sends a variation of "Consequences" from Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*. After long hesitation, and with the sense of being unwillingly unjust, I recommend that the prizes be divided between J. P., Neptune X, B. H. H., and Frederick Lill.

Advertisements:

The game of "*Advertisements*," as played in our family: original, as far as I know, and not based (though it might have been) on the Guinness advertisement:

Each player writes on a slip of paper the name of a commodity to be advertised; on another, a quotation. These are pooled, in two separate pools: each player then draws a slip from each pool, and composes, on another paper, an advertisement for the commodity he has drawn, embodying the quotation he has drawn, and preferably illustrating it.

J. P.

Journalism:

Players are provided with paper and pencil. Each player writes one short, snappy headline, folds over, and passes on. This is repeated twice, and, after a further pass on, the papers are opened after a time limit has been agreed (10 minutes is enough); the resulting paragraphs, embodying all three unconnected headlines, are read out.

Example is attached.

PREMIER'S CHANGE OF FRONT

COCKFIGHTING AT CLIVEDEN?

ESCAPED BABOON'S TOLL OF VICTIMS

It will come as a surprise to our readers to learn that the Premier would seem to have discarded the rod—after an unfortunate affair on the SANDS—in favour of the old English sport of cock fighting.

Yesterday our Special Correspondent, suitably disguised, was privileged to participate in a "main" at Cliveden. It came as an unpleasant shock to the gentry that the victor proved to be a redoubtable Rhode Island Red, whose dripping spurs carried all before him until a diversion was happily provided by the fortunate escape of MUSSO, Lady Astor's pet baboon, recently presented to the estate by the Italian Ambassador.

MUSSO made short work of the presumptuous fowl, but in the general excitement and applause it unhappily escaped notice that MUSSO had disappeared. Shrieks proceeding from the lodge-keeper's cottage revealed that the intelligent anthropoid, not content with the extinction of the Communist cockerel, had naturally assumed that his owner and family were also on the black list.

Indeed, the lodge-keeper, his wife and three children were all unhappily mauled by the intelligent beast and are not expected to survive. MUSSO, however, is back in his cage, unhappily suffering from nothing worse than a slight encounter with a lawn-mower, thoughtlessly left in the lodge yard.

NEPTUNE X

Headlines:

Each player thinks of an event in history, ancient or modern, domestic or foreign, public or personal. He turns it into the headlines of the newspaper placards, and the other players have to guess to what he refers. Headlines must be condensed and hold a promise of excitement, as though the object really were to sell as many copies as possible of the latest edition. Proper names should be avoided, but there is scope for ingenuity in finding suitable epithets. Thus, the fall of the Bastille might be rendered: CITIZEN ARMY AIDS GAOLBREAK, or the demise of Jezebel: EX-PRINCESS DEATH FALL TOUGH SAYS FIDO, though of course neither of these would baffle experienced players for long.

For convenience, and to add verisimilitude, headlines should be printed in large letters and paraded about the party. (If noise is desired they may also be cried aloud.) Four or five minutes are allowed for guesses.

B. H. H.

The "Close" Murder

Rules

1. The M.C., having assured himself that everyone is supplied with pencil and paper, instructs them to forget all they ever knew about "Consequences," except how to fold over their paper and pass it to the left.

2. There are nine such passings in this game, and the M.C., having announced the sex of the murdered person, instructs the players to write down, between each passing: 1. The Victim; 2, The Scene; 3, The Weapon; 4 and 5, The Motives; 6. The Clue; 7, 8 and 9. The Three Suspects.

3. *The Victim:* This should give his (or her) name and age, and very little else, to avoid clashing with the Motives.

4. *The Scene* of the Crime;

5. *The Weapon*, or cause of death:

Both these should be given with some little elaboration, but still briefly.

6. *Motives:* (A) is always financial, and should always detail the deceased's will. Other monetary and business particulars may be added.

(B) is always personal, and should give general details of that kind about the dead man or woman, which may or may not actually be motives.

Again, *be brief*.

7. *The Clue:* This should be some object or mark found near the body. Any student of detective novels will recognise what infinite variety he may choose from here.

8. *The Suspects:* These should be given general, and not proper, names; e.g., "The Butler" or "The Eldest Son," not "Perkins" or "Christopher Brown," again to avoid clashing. A brief comment should be added, to take the same examples: "an ex-convict," or "an inveterate gambler."

9. After the last passing of papers these should be unfolded, and five minutes allowed for the players, now become detectives, to decide from the first six items which of the suspects is guilty. They should draw lots for their turns to speak, read out their paper in full, and present the case for the prosecution, either by direct proof or elimination. (It is to be assumed that one of the three *must* have been guilty.)

10. At the conclusion of the prosecution in each case the remaining players, taking the function of jurors, give their verdict by show of hands. If it is desired to introduce a competitive element the voting of the jury can be used for marking.

FREDERICK LILL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 289.—FABRICS FROM JUGGINPORE

An easy problem this week after a series that have been of more than average difficulty.

"See these pieces of fabric?" asked Tomkins. "They come from Jugginpore. Each of them is an exact number of feet square."

"How much do they cost?"

"A shilling a square foot."

"You've got—how many?"

"A dozen of them," said Tomkins. "Each year I buy two. And, do you know, I've made it a rule to spend, each year, twice as much as the year before. But I shan't do that next year, because it isn't possible. No single fabric, you see, costs as much as £10."

How many different-sized fabrics does Tomkins' collection include?

PROBLEM 287—CLARISSA'S HOMEWORK

Solution by A. Turner

Using for the decode:

F A C T O R S B D E G H I
J K L M N P Q U V W X Y Z

The problem is read to be

"Find a number less than one thousand of which the sum of the ten lowest factors is two-thirds the sum of the twelve lowest factors."

Solution is 840.

Lowest factors are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, of which the sum of the first ten are 58 and sum of the first twelve is 87.

PROBLEM 286.—THE JUICY POTATO

A set of Low's cartoons goes to the Rt. Rev. F. J. Western, The Manor House, Horspath, Oxford.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 285.—BROKEN BOTTLES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Thomas Kilvington, 15 Forty Close, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

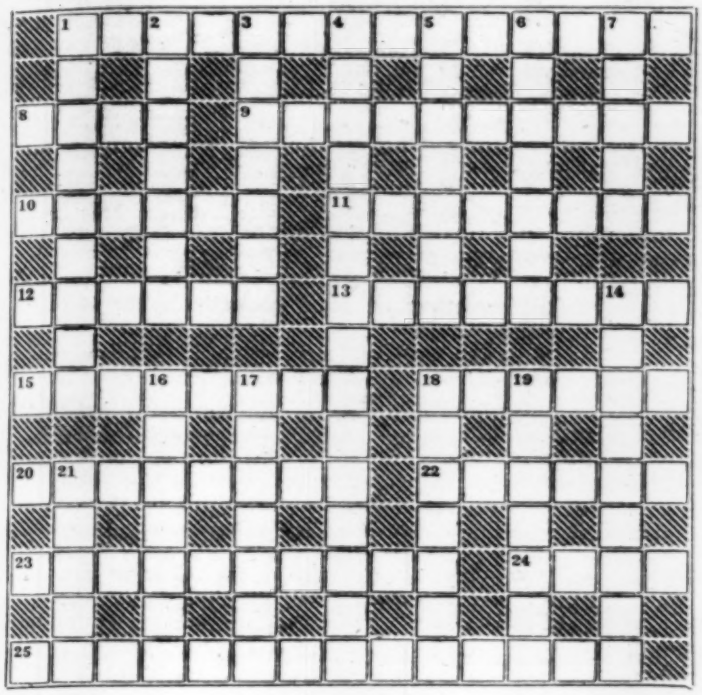
Nine points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 436

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Rowland, 185 Cottingham Road, Hull.

ACROSS

1. When shooting isn't playing the game. (14)
8. The snare of a going concern (4)
9. Flower that presumably does not wave in the wind, but possibly winds in the waves. (10)
10. Where the turkey grows wool? (6)
11. Literally describes a mailed figure. (8)
12. I got out of the tunicle and changed. (6)
13. The bivouac has apparently been heated. (8)
15. Reverse of good vision at night? (8)
18. How sprightly one feels on an excursion. (6)
20. Command to go to Court. (8)
22. They are shielded at the top. (6)
23. Contrary advice to Jane Austen's novel. (10)
24. One guardroom as it were. (4)
25. For the sake of which the Infanta came to visit me. (14)

DOWN

1. This would have given Miss Muffet some excuse for dancing off. (9)
2. A bombinable thing to do. (7)
3. The star is much put about. (7)
4. He would be installed with you. (15)
5. Can and must go into the study. (7)
6. Do not look at the sights so much? (7)
7. A weighty creature (5)
14. Anachronistic description of a fruit stone. (9)
16. Safe place for valuables. (7)
17. As here, the first should be on the last at the play. (7)
18. Yes, German. And then study English and French. (7)
19. He practises at-one-ment. (7)
21. He's wild and woolly in India. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

BRAD BEEG FIELD
LL A A T R T U
UNBENDS OVERALL
E A T T W E T W
CENTIPEDE HSIRI
O I R O M C
AWAKE EMBELLISH
T L G I D C
STGEORGES SNEPO
C U C M C L
HINDU TRIENNIAL
O B T E L I F E
OXONIAN LANCING
L A O O A E R E
ETONANDHARROW

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily

W.D. & H.O. Wills.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

10 FOR 6°
20 FOR 11½°

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET—STEEL RECESSION—INSURANCE SHARES—FRESH GOLD HOARDING

HAPPILY Wall Street has gone through a corrective period and over-bullishness has given way to more restrained optimism. The Dow Jones index for industrials has fallen from 138½ to 137, but if the news is confirmed that the steel unions have agreed to a 10 per cent. cut in wages—to hold good until operations recover to 65 per cent. of capacity—the market is likely to move through its previous high level before encountering the next bout of profit taking. Great importance is attached in the market to wage reductions as a means of restoring profitability, for the consumer response to lower steel prices has so far been poor. There is increasing evidence that the Government pump-priming is speeding up the circulation of money, and some of the big chain stores report a greater volume of sales in June than in June, 1937. There is no doubt in my mind that in the next three months the business indices in America will turn upward. Whether this revival in consumer demand can lead on to a revival in capital goods investment depends perhaps upon a greater restoration of business confidence than has yet been reached. But it is something that the first pre-requisite of a trade revival has been gained—namely stock market recovery in the capital goods shares.

* * *

The British industrial position does not improve; the steel trade is now beyond dispute entering a phase of decline. The June output figures came as a shock to the City, and prices of most of the leading shares were marked down appreciably. The production of steel ingots and castings fell last month to 776,000 tons, as compared with 957,000 tons in May and over 1,106,000 tons in June, 1937. The fall in the output of pig-iron (541,000 tons, against 634,000 tons in May and 699,000 tons a year ago) was less severe, but eight more blast-furnaces were blown out during the month. As compared with June, 1937, pig-iron production is down by just over 22 per cent. and that of steel by 30 per cent. Even so, the industry was still working last month at over 70 per cent. of capacity—in contrast to the 30 per cent. of capacity long ruling in the United States—but order-books are becoming painfully lean and, failing fresh orders, production will have to be drastically curtailed as current contracts are completed. Not merely is the export market doing badly; apart from demand for armament steels domestic consumption is flagging and it will take time to reduce the considerable inventories of pig-iron and "semis" built up a year ago when prices looked like soaring. In these circumstances the industry will clearly have to pay attention to the question of selling prices.

* * *

The recent strength of gilt-edged stocks brought buyers into the insurance share market. It is rather remarkable that although insurance shares fell heavily with the reaction in British Government stocks in the first half of 1937 they never came back with the subsequent recovery in gilt-edged. It may therefore be said that the recent rise in insurance shares was overdue. It was occasioned not only by the strength of gilt-edged stocks but by the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons on June 28th that the Treasury would make a proposal for providing the insurance companies with some relief from the present incidence of N.D.C. An amendment had been introduced to the Finance Bill proposing that insurance companies should pay N.D.C. only on their premium income instead of on the whole of their reserves. The amendment was withdrawn on the undertaking of the Chancellor that he would look into the matter and put forward an alternative scheme. I do not suggest that insurance companies can look forward this year to so favourable a profit experience as last year. It may be recalled that the average profit ratios last year were the second highest in the Fire Department and the highest ever in the Accident and General Departments for the past eight years. The Marine and Motor business remain unsatisfactory but 1938 results, if not quite so favourable as those of 1937, will no doubt prove satisfactory to shareholders. The yields obtainable at present market prices of some leading shares are as follows :—

	Approx. Price.	Dividend.	Yield, %	1937/38. High.	Low.
Alliance, fully paid ..	28	18/–	£3 3 9	31¼	24½
,, partly paid ..	26	18/–	3 8 7	30½	23½
General Accident ..	96/10½	3/6	3 11 9	6 1/16	4½
North British, fully pd.	11½	6/3	2 14 11	14	9½
,, ,, partly pd.	11 1/16	6/3	2 15 10	13⅞	9½
London	15 3/16	11/3	3 13 6	17 11/16	13½
Northern	20 1/16	15/–	3 13 7	21½	17½
Prudential "A" ..	35 11/16	19/5–2/5*	3 14 9	37⅜	29½
Royal	8⅞	6/6	3 12 9	9⅞	7½
Royal Exchange, £1 units	10⅛	30%	2 18 6	11 7/32	8½

* Tax Free

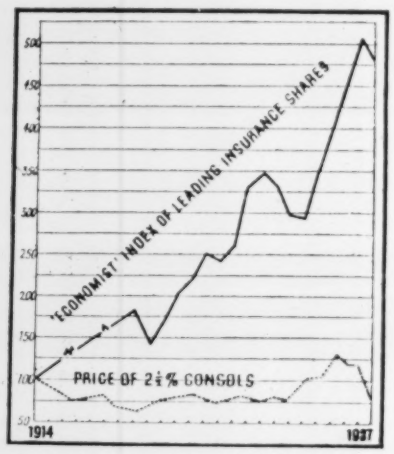
Of these companies Alliance, North British and Mercantile, Royal Exchange and Prudential "A" might be called the "front rankers." As long-term investments for capital appreciation they are still as attractive as anything can be in this uncertain world.

* * *

The foreign exchange and bullion markets have been experiencing conditions reminiscent of the hectic days which preceded the Daladier franc devaluation. Over the week-end there arose an insatiable demand from the Continent for gold for hoarding purposes, and the turnover in London on Monday was around the £2,000,000 mark. The counterpart of this demand being, in the main, sales of French currency, the franc weakened ominously. The spot rate was held by the control at about 45 centimes above M. Daladier's "impregnable" figure of 179, but francs could be bought for three months' delivery at over 182. The size of individual bullion transactions indicated that the big rentiers were once more engaged in a flight from the franc, but demand for gold coins was also in evidence—suggesting that the "little man" was joining in the gold rush. The motives behind it all are difficult to detect. Purchases of dollars against francs and pounds sterling which have proceeded simultaneously with the buying of gold seem to have been influenced by rumours—since denied by the Bank of England—that the Anglo-American trade pact will have a protocol tentatively stabilising the dollar at 4.86⅔. But demand for gold is clearly inspired by a renewal of political fears. Mussolini's latest tirade in print made a bad impression on the Paris Bourse and M. Rist's pessimistic analysis of the budgetary situation has set many Frenchmen asking whether M. Daladier has really begun to grapple with his problems. Luckily influx of tourist devizen into France is approaching its seasonal peak.

A Proved Securities Trust A Proved Securities Trust A Proved Securities Trust A Proved Securities Trust

What this graph means to you



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THE BLACK LINE traces the course of Insurance Shares over the past 23 years, the dotted line that of 2½% Consols.

Insurance shares during this period have nearly *quadrupled in value.*

Those who are interested in the investment possibilities of Insurance Shares with a view to capital appreciation, as well as capital safety combined with an adequate return, are advised to ask for the British Insurance Shares Trust free book at any branch of the Midland Bank, or from any Stockbroker, or to write to

PROVED SECURITIES LTD.
Dept. NS8, 42-45 New Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

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Company Meeting

COVENT GARDEN PROPERTIES

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

The fourteenth ordinary general meeting of the Covent Garden Properties Company Limited was held on Wednesday last in London, Mr. PHILIP E. HILL (chairman of the company) presiding.

The secretary (Mr. Chas. P. Heselden, F.C.I.S.) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen: You will have seen from the accounts that the profit for the year, before providing directors' fees, debenture interest, income-tax and National Defence Contribution, amounts to £309,302—an increase over the last year of £27,707. This revenue is represented by the income from rents, tolls and interest on investments—£283,687—being an increase on last year's figure of £31,480, and the profit on sale of properties and sundry fees amounting to £25,435, a decrease of £3,773. As mentioned in the report, the receipts from Covent Garden show a slight decline this year, due to drought and general conditions. The company has put into operation a pension scheme for the market staff, a step which I am sure shareholders will approve, and a full year's charge in respect of the annual premium has been made in the accounts. The revenue from the company's other properties shows a substantial increase, as I foreshadowed in my address to you last year.

DIVIDEND AGAIN 7½ PER CENT.

The directors are again recommending a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary share capital of the company. It will be remembered that the amount of this was doubled by the further issue made in July last—and the 7½ per cent. is paid on the full capital, although the company has not had the use of the additional capital for the whole of the year.

The company's investments, in sympathy with most securities at the present time, show a depreciation. These continue, however, to yield a satisfactory return, and in view of the appreciation in the value of the company's properties the directors do not consider it necessary to make further provision.

Turning to the balance-sheet, you will see that the balance of the company's 4½ per cent. Debenture stock, amounting to £164,910, has been redeemed during the year. From the premium received on the issue of the new Ordinary shares your directors have written off the balance of the expenses of the issue and conversion costs in respect of the 4½ per cent. and 4 per cent. Debenture stock, and the costs of the issue of the new Ordinary shares, amounting to £180,948—leaving a balance on the share premium account of £30,301.

The company's subsidiary, English Property Corporation Limited, which owns Africa House, Kingsway, has now turned the corner, and with the improvement in lettings has this year made a profit which I anticipate should not only continue but increase.

The company has purchased properties costing £1,236,229—mostly freehold. These consist principally of shop properties in good positions in growing suburban districts, let to multiple shop companies and established private traders. The building of certain of the properties has only recently been finished, and completion of the purchase of certain of the shops comprised in these properties will not take place until the shops are let to approved tenants. The company has also purchased freehold ground rents costing £157,859. During the year the directors received advantageous offers for certain of the company's properties, which have been accepted.

AN ISSUE OF DEBENTURES.

In order to provide the necessary finance for the purchase of the properties referred to, and to enable the company to repay the amount due to its bankers, the board proposes to create and issue an additional £1,000,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock, secured by a specific charge upon the new properties and by a floating charge on the whole undertaking and assets of the company—which floating charge will rank after the specific security and floating charge in respect of the existing £2,500,000 Debenture stock. Subject to the formal consent of the shareholders being obtained at the class meetings to be held at the conclusion of this meeting, it is proposed to make the issue forthwith. A copy of the prospectus will be sent to each stockholder and shareholder of the company, together with an application form entitling the holder to preferential consideration in allotment. I personally regard the stock as a very well-secured and first-class investment.

The estimated further revenue indicates that the income to be derived from rents, tolls and interest on investments, in the absence of unforeseen conditions, should be sufficient to pay the usual 7½ per cent. on the company's Ordinary share capital, apart from any revenue that may accrue from the sale of properties, etc.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. G. L. d'Abo seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The dividends as recommended were approved; the retiring director, Mr. G. L. d'Abo, was re-elected; and the auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., were reappointed.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman and directors.

At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting of the company the borrowing powers were increased to a sum not exceeding £5,000,000; and at a separate meeting of Preference shareholders authority was given to create and issue £1,000,000 first mortgage Debenture stock.

Company Meeting

HOVIS LIMITED

DIFFICULT CONDITIONS FOR MILLERS

THE 40th Ordinary General Meeting of Hovis Limited was held on July 8th, in London.

Mr. A. H. Dence, J.P. (the chairman), who presided, said that the board considered the result as entirely satisfactory, taking into consideration conditions in the milling industry. He supposed it was not too much to say that the 12 months under review had been more difficult for the wheat buyer than at any time since the war. Fortunately, the position was gradually improving, prices were easier and crop reports from various parts of the world were more hopeful, but that the credit at profit and loss account at £164,335 was lower than for some little time was only to have been expected when the fluctuations of the wheat market, which had been to the extent of 15s. per quarter, were taken into consideration.

In order to maintain the high standard of quality of Hovis it was necessary to ensure regular supplies of the best qualities of wheat and purchases had to be made a long time ahead whatever the market outlook might be, as they dared not depend on being able to buy on spot to supply their needs. The board took great pains to maintain the high standard of the company's quality, and were confident thereby that they added to the value of the goodwill of Hovis. As evidence of that he might mention that the sales of Hovis in the current year showed a marked increase over those of last year.

With regard to the future, he did not wish to take too gloomy a view, but he did want to emphasise once more the dangers of the unfair competition to which British millers were subjected by the importation of foreign and Dominion flour often sold here not only at a very low price, but also lower than the price ruling in the country of origin. He would point out that a reasonable measure of protection against imported flour would go a long way towards solving the Government's problem of holding a sufficiency of food stocks in the country against the dangers of war. Moreover, if more wheat were ground in this country there would be larger stocks of weatings and bran available for farmers here, and they in turn would be able to keep larger herds of cattle and pigs, and more poultry.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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